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EUROPE IN PERSCHWEPPTIVE

Let us take you to ITALY where it is difficult to disentangle the total mixture from the general impression, where millennium is dovetailed with millennium, B.C. is mixed with A.D., and A.D. tangled up in M.M. (Mille Miglia). And this is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Here mid her fertile galleries, the priceless treasures of the plains lined with cypresses, and the Via Latina lined with advertisements, is a twin-engined Uccello. The Guardi has a souped-up double rustication which comes into action at revs. 140. In the able hands of Palladio the Buonarotti (Sistine cylinders) cornered beautifully. Masaccio then took the lead near the historic spot, marked by the lovely Campanile of Carburetti, where Caesar (Consul) issued his Fiat, but he was quickly overhauled by Bottischwelli in his Isotta-Franschweppski. And here is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Such pictures by no means cover every aspect of this land of music and melody, where, though the sounding of horns is banned in the principal cities, it is often more practical, and certainly far more noisy, to draw attention to one's presence by a sudden acceleration in neutral. And this is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

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C.238D.

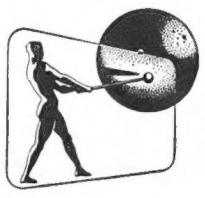
A girl like Jean

JEAN PAGET, played by Virginia McKenna, is the star rôle in the Rank film 'A Town Like Alice'. Jean has courage. She has determination. She has faith in the future, which gives her the strength and will to battle on through the rotting humidity of a Malayan jungle controlled by Japanese at war.

'A Town Like Alice' is a fine example of what the world instinctively thinks of as ' being British '. Never giving in. It is in every way a rewarding business to show this magnificent film to the audiences of the world.

We of the Rank Organisation are always pleased to film stories of unwavering determination such as 'A Town Like Alice '. It could be said that we have an understanding, a sympathy which comes from experience. We were born in troubled times. We grew up in spite of difficulties.

Currently, the Rank Organisation has started a £3½ million production programme of films to be made in the next twelve months. This is the largest programme of international cinema entertainment ever carried out at Pinewood — no less than 20 first feature films. Films which will again earn the Organisation over half its film revenue from overseas. Films which are truly British, both in character and creation, which will give employment to thousands, besides bringing in foreign currency to help in the constant struggle for a balance of payments.



THE RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

VIRGINIA McKENNA IN A SCENE FROM "A TOWN LIKE ALICE"

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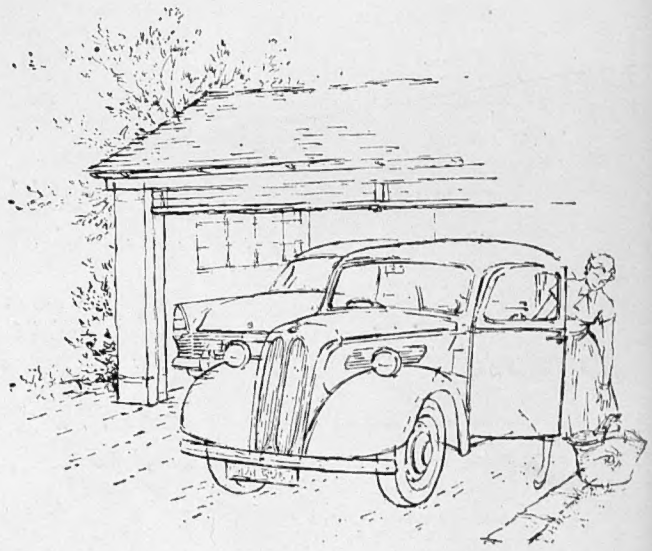

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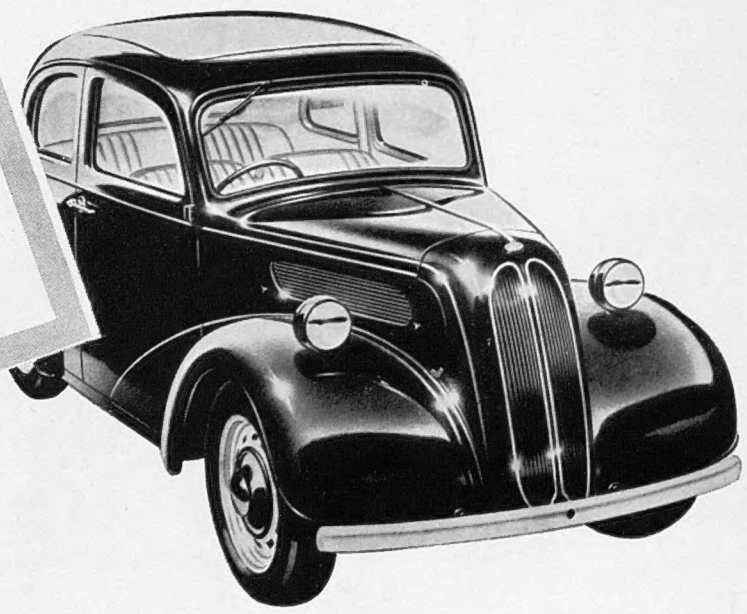

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Volume CCXXV No. 2927 The SPHERE, London, May 5, 1956

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"GRAND SEIGNEUR" SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL—HE RECEIVES A UNIQUE HONOUR FROM THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY: Sir Winston speaks in Beaver Hall, London, after being invested as "Grand Seigneur of the Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay." On his left is Mr. W. J. Keswick, the Governor of the Company, who said the title had been specially created by "the world's oldest existing chartered trading company for the world's most epic figure."

"A unique and sonorous title" was how Sir Winston described the latest addition to his multitude of honours when he was made Grand Seigneur of the Hudson's Bay Company. On the walls behind him as he spoke in Beaver Hall were portraits of Charles II (seen above on the left), Prince Rupert of the Rhine (centre) and the Duke of York, later King James II. Charles II created the company by Charter nearly 300 years ago and Prince Rupert and the Duke of York were the first and second Governors respectively. The third Governor, whose portrait also hangs in Beaver Hall, was the first Duke of Marlborough. This fact, said Mr. Keswick, the present Governor, gave additional point to the company creating a unique honour for the world's "most epic figure." Sir Winston expressed his pride at his family connection with the corporation. He also referred to the "remarkable thing" that this "ancient and famous company with all its historical associations should to-day be one of the most active and most rapidly developing undertakings in the great Dominion of Canada." An illuminated deed conferring appointment of office was presented to him.

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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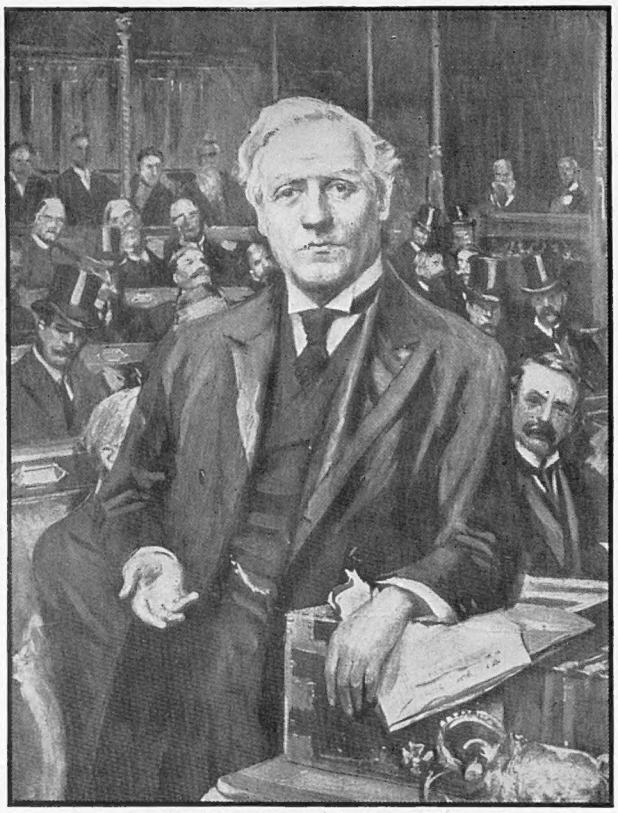
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT: The Right Honourable Herbert Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduces his Budget before a crowded House of Commons. Amongst his changes were the removal of the coal tax, a penny a pound off tea and the reduction of the tax on stripped tobacco. The income tax level, however, remained the same. From 1908 to 1916 he was Prime Minister at the head of a Liberal Government, and in 1925 he was created Earl of Oxford and Asquith. He died on February 15, 1928, after resigning his leadership of the Liberal Party two years before and going into retirement.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least 8 ins. by 6 ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all ubjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from 750 words to 2,000 words.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

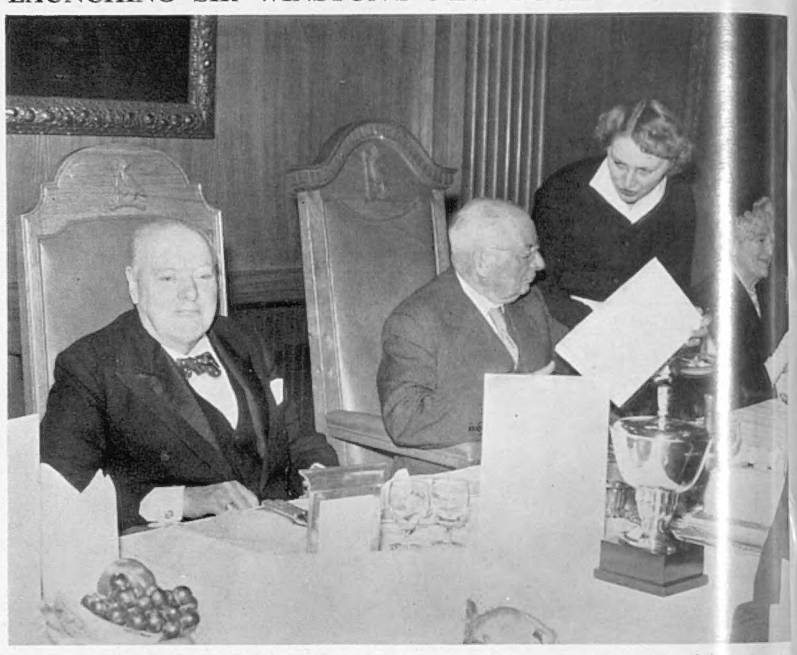
Payment Deferred?—It has sometimes happened in our history that a statesman has been acclaimed and rewarded with the highest honours for an act of diplomacy or other world-shaking achievement, the benefits of which have soon been cancelled out or proved all too short-lived. Such strokes should perhaps be left rather longer before being rewarded. In literature, a best-seller is not of necessity a classic. Time is required to give it that title. We have known of acclaimed best-sellers which have been remaindered in Charing Cross Road within a couple of years of publication. And so with diplomatic triumphs. What of the visit of B. and K.? It went off reasonably well. Surely a great feather in the Premier's cap, for he had to face bitter opposition on the question of cancellation at the time of the Indian philippics and later, and he held to the date. If it were not that the communiqués issued after the meetings of world-leaders have become a *Punch* joke, we may be sure that the pronouncements which summed up the B. and K. talks might have been even more optimistic and less hedged with the customary jargon concerning points of common agreement, atmospheres of good will, and so on. The visit and the meetings at first came up to and exceeded the most optimistic forecasts; the sun shone, the cheers drowned the boos, and a good, if tiring, time was had by all, not least the chief visitors and the police. If the wind was chilly, the country looked lovely and I am sure our visitors must have felt that it would be a pity to scar its pretty face with an H-bomb. Our allies on the other side of the Atlantic timed their pronouncements to help the good work on. In fact, every factor appeared to co-operate towards success during the first week. We began to think that one more signal honour should be added to the Premier's chaplet, to rank him with Sir Winston and Lord Attlee in the K.G., O.M., C.H. grade. But this fruit-tree of East-West accord is slow-growing and difficult. To-day it puts forth the tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms, the third day comes a frost, a killing frost. And when he thinks, good easy statesman, full surely his greatness is a-ripening, it nips his root. . . . Better to wait awhile. The fruit must be judged from deeds, not words. We have learned that bitter truth from the Russians. Sir Anthony is still young and has every reason for embracing hope. B. and K. are clearly happier in his society of Tories than of Socialists. The nation also may indulge a guarded hope. Time will show, and perhaps less time than is required to prove a best-seller a classic, whether or no this stroke of diplomacy is another turning-point in history.

"At a Distance."—I agree with Admiral Lord Fraser that, on the question of atomic bombs, two-thirds of the world's inhabitants are sane. They don't want these bombs exploded. I would go further and put the sane percentage as high as 99 per cent. But majorities, even vast majorities, do not dictate world policy. It takes decades to secure majority aspirations. Whether the majority exists under dictatorships or "democracy," the minority of 5 per cent. or 1 per cent., or whatever it is, calls the tune until at last the majority grows bored and shoots or boots the vocalist. And to-day the trouble with Lord Fraser's simple plan (to store these bombs made by the U.S.S.R., U.S.A. and England at a "safe" distance under international lock and key) is that the minority of leaders are far too frightened of one another and of their own reputations in history to adopt any "simple" plan. Any plan which could be agreeable to the U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. must be so hedged with safeguards and conditions that its simplicity would be lost in a tangle of complications. A "safe" place is defined as one outside each country's territory, selected to make it impossible to get the bombs out and operational within one month after the outbreak of world war. In my very layman view, those spots would be hard to find on the earth's small face. I can't pin-point two such spots each exactly "one month away" from Moscow and New York—for extraction purposes. You can girdle the earth in much less than a week with transport planes, and if you sought and found possible sites for these stores, you would probably be up against the ground landlord, who does not always care to lend his acres for atomic piles. The moon or Mars are obvious hunting-grounds and there Martian or lunatic landlords may be more co-operative. A plan every bit as simple, and much more effective and economical, has been ventilated and argued and thrashed out with no success at all for years—to scrap the lot. And simplicity has got us nowhere. It 's not as simple as all that—except to an inconsiderabl 99 per cent. of the world's population, including Lor Fraser. If that majority had a voice, Eisenhower "peace for the asking" would be a simple matte indeed.

May.—And after April May follows, the nightin gale and all the swallows. April is often a disappoint ment after the high hopes we set on it in March, an certainly this April kept our hopes in cold storage However, it was perhaps the right atmosphere for th Budget debates and the visit of B. and K., now happil over. Warm or chilly, April is assured of its glor In that month Shakespeare, the poet of spring, wa born on or about St. George's Day and, despite th severities of suburbanisation, no one could driv through rural England that day, noting the flag flying on the church towers, without a sense of prid and a renewal of his love for his country; pride tha so many old dragons have been slain, regret perhap that in the action so many new ugly heads have been raised all over England's green and pleasant land And now let us think of cricket and fair May in Mayfair

I thoroughly enjoyed watching the Australian opening their season and shoulders against a strong English side on the lovely Arundel Ground. This wa first-class cricket at its best and loveliest. Why is i that in a Test Match the same batsmen must deal with the same bowlers like mesmerised rabbits facing stoat when in a "friendly" they cast them for sixes an fours with perfect confidence, to the crowd's delight Alas, we know the answer. *Reputations* are at stak and every stroke is being broadcast. In London th new debs. are out and are being written up, and the deck-chairs are spread over the green grass in the parks

LAUNCHING SIR WINSTON'S NEW BOOK



GUEST OF HONOUR AT LUNCH: Sir Winston Churchill was the guest of h nour at a luncheon, which was held on St. George's Day in the Great Hall o the Royal College of Surgeons. Between Sir Winston and Lady Churchill is Sir Newman Flower, the chairman of Cassells. The luncheon was to mark the publication of Sir Winston Churchill's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*. He also laid the foundation-stone of the new Cassell building in Red Lion Square. He handed the trowel back three times for more mortar before he was satisfied.

and window-boxes are brightening up the grey streets. And soon enough it will be Derby Day; and the golfing fixtures, the race meetings, and the polo will provide a thoroughly English fare which we deserve and shall do justice to. A little isolationism, in a social way, is welcome. The foreigners nowadays are too much with us and we need a holiday from Europe and the Middle East. It will be pleasant to cultivate our own gardens and visit the lovely gardens now open to the public, and among the flowers or in the warming sea to banish or wash away the bitter taste of battle, murder and sudden death among races whose nationalistic practices are different from ours in that they "take life more seriously."

Flight of the Heron.—It used to surprise me in the early days when flying was just coming to be recognised as a safe, sure and convenient means of transport, that so large a proportion of elderly men and women became so quickly air-minded. Their forebears were much slower to accept the risks and horrors of the devil's kettle or steam train. There are still a few old fellows who shake their heads over the Royal Family's addiction to flying as an everyday convenience, being more influenced by news-stories of individual disasters than by statistics which reveal the smallness of the risk in flying compared with any other mode of transport. King George V and Queen Mary never took to flying. To-day the Royal Family is a young family, modern and up to date. Their time is precious and fully occupied. There is every reason why they should adopt and even give a lead in the modern mode of travel. And, that accepted, it is obviously right that they should fly in the very latest and best-tested models of a kind suitable to their functions. Aeroplanes of such a type cost money. The old Viking

have for some time been antiquated. The Heron is the last word. Not even a "trouble-maker" can seriously suggest that there should be cheeseparing in selecting the machines for the Queen's progresses.

And Now to Save.—We have the example, we have the inducements. Saving is the thing. The Government has promised £100,000,000 cut in Government spending, and offers us Premium Bonds to induce us to save. Some people certainly could save. Look at the car parks at race meetings, visit the bars at the big Midland hotels. Look in the shop windows in Bond Street, and consider the way of life of the tax dodgers. But you and I who don't control national industries or enjoy expense allowances from the companies we manage or keep our earnings and winnings in negotiable form in our wallets, may still find it as hard or harder to save than it was before the Chancellor gave us these new inducements. You will find that even as he urged us, prices of essentials were soaring. And if we didn't have much margin for saving on April 16, the prospects on April 17 looked no rosier. I can't see the self-employed man benefiting much from concessions to help him save for his old age, when he has met the new charges for his essentials.

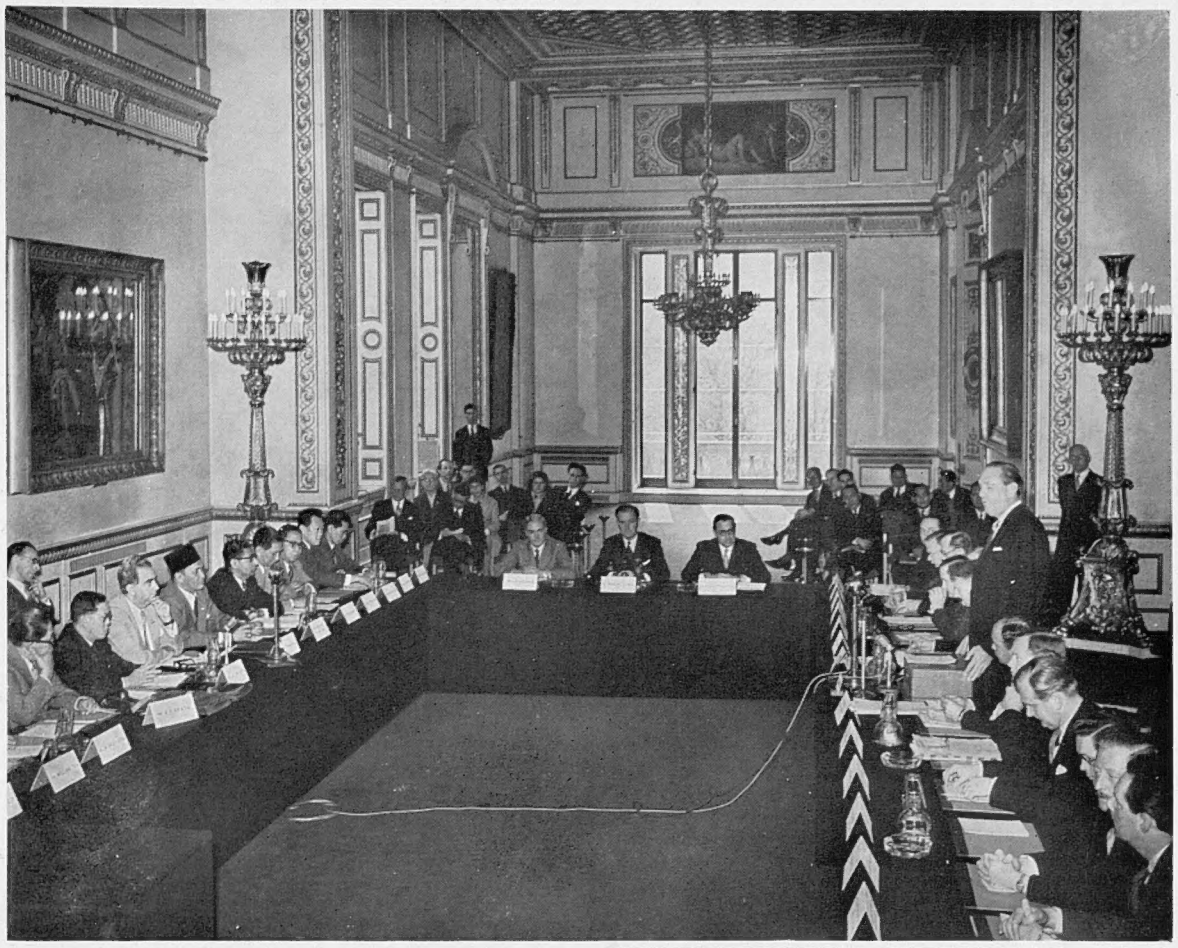
R. L. S.—I am one of those who think R. L. Stevenson sadly underrated by the present generation, alike as a stylist and as a story-teller. At his best (and he was unlevel) he must surely rank among the greatest masters of the novel in our nation, on the strength of the *Master of Ballantrae* and *Weir of Hermiston* alone. As essayist and writer of stories for boys perhaps the rising generations have suffered indigestion from the enthusiastic cramming by schoolmasters. But, as a man, his personality has always been less appealing, and perhaps his long hair and velvet coat contributed to that. I have read the biographies written of him and never wished to re-read them. He was a man not well served by biographers, and the publication of his wife's Samoa diaries (1890–93) does not give us a more attractive picture of either of them or of the last years of their married life. His *Vailima Letters* were merely dull; Fanny's contributions to that phase are rather sordid. And yet as a man and a writer he had great qualities, above all integrity, courage, an infinite capacity for taking pains, a glorious sense of humour and power to enjoy life, in the face of shocking ill-health. And though our pundits rarely admit as a world classic any novel that has not enjoyed its centenary, we need not doubt that R. L. S. has his place assured in that Valhalla of the "hundred best" in posterity.

Tell-Tale Figures.—Whether or no all the statistics which nowadays are prepared and published achieve some desirable object for planners and the public, those which relate to road accidents certainly deserve attention by the motoring, cycling and walking public and perhaps should be given wider publicity than at present. As a magistrate I receive a copy of the statistics of road accidents in my own county during a year. They are prepared by the county police from their records of all investigated traffic accidents which have come before them and include comparative figures of deaths, injuries and the ascertained causes of accidents. The figures of deaths and injuries are, of course, uncontrovertible and in 1955 they show an appreciable rise on 1954. The causes are, no doubt, not quite so reliable. There must always be a certain amount of guess-work even in those cases which have come before a coroner's or magistrates' court. For sometimes the most important witness is unable to testify. The latest statistics show that accidents of all kinds rose by 54 to 665, of which 130 occurred on restricted roads and 57 during darkness. Of the causes of these accidents by far the most frequent were (*a*) ice, snow and frost (142); (*b*) dogs in carriageway (67); (*c*) misjudging clearance by cars and light vehicles (76). Skidding (unless it figures separately under (*a*), as no doubt it does) is a negligible cause, and mechanical defects on the vehicles concerned, excessive speed and dazzle are inconsiderable, too. But various forms of injudicious passing tot up. The conclusions I reach are that public service and heavy goods vehicles have a fine record, taking the proportions of every class of road users into consideration, and that the hours of darkness are probably safer than daylight hours. Presumably one of the most fatal causes—a lorry parked by the road at night without lights—is a very rare occurrence, for it does not figure in the 1955 statistics. Clearly, every effort should be made to bring to the notice of all road users the three main causes (*a*), (*b*) and (*c*) above, which bring about three-eighths of all traffic accidents in one county.

Motor Rallies.—There was no heavy traffic to the coast on the Southern main roads on the first encouraging Saturday when the thermometer panted slowly up to the higher fifties. What traffic there was was chiefly due to motor rallies. I don't know the conditions under which these rallies are conducted. I don't know if marks are awarded and prizes given or if the object is merely to reach a given place after covering a given distance. If points are awarded, it does not appear that careful driving is one of them. If it is, the judges should place themselves on the routes and not at the finishing point. Then they could take note of the road sense of some of the competitors. The roads of England are no great shakes; such as they are, they are for the community. The organisers and participators in rallies should not treat them as race-tracks, for which they are singularly ill-designed.

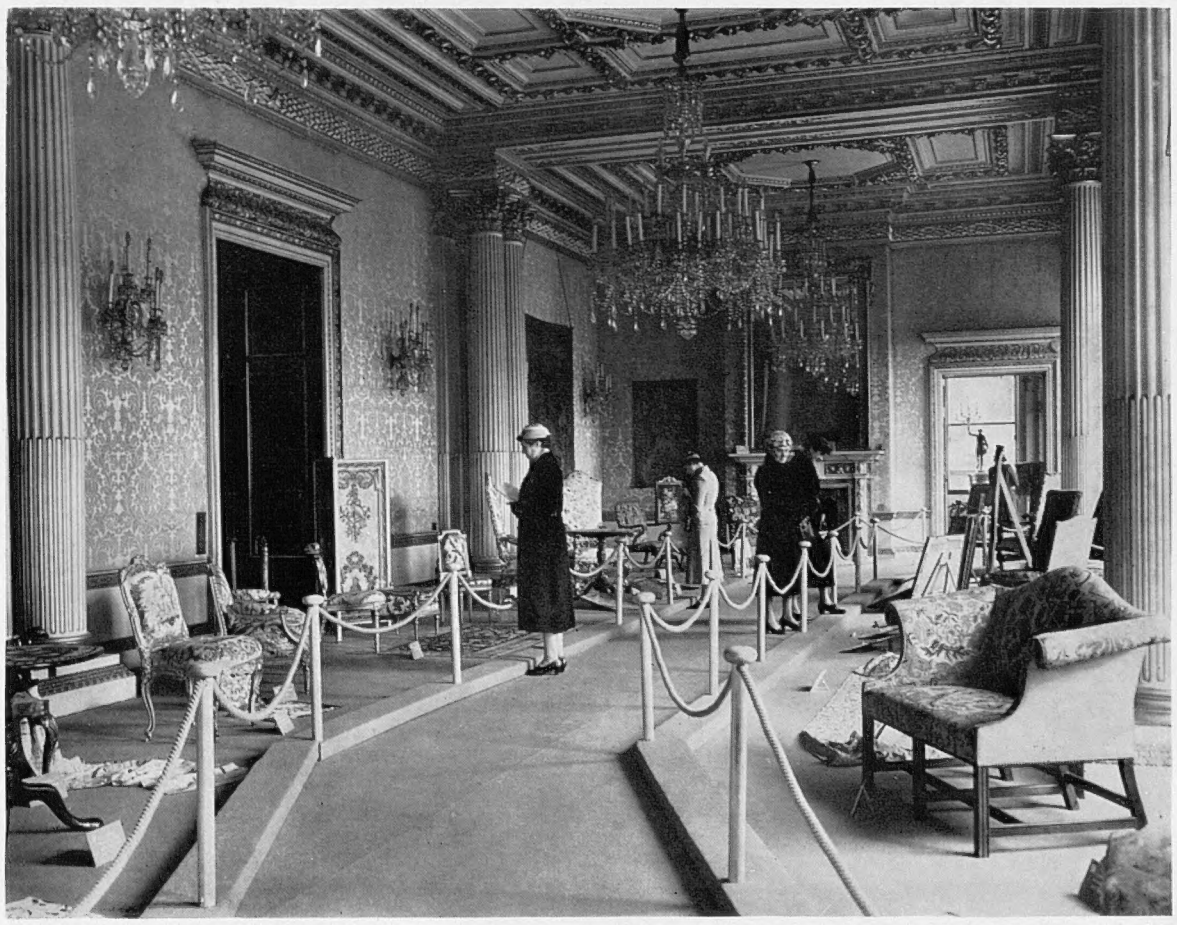
THE OLD STAGER

A CONFERENCE AT LANCASTER HOUSE



SINGAPORE CONSTITUTIONAL CONFERENCE: Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, makes the opening speech at the conference at Lancaster House. The meeting was to review the situation in Singapore in the light of a year's working of the new constitution. In his speech the Colonial Secretary said that the Government had no intention of allowing the people of Singapore to fall under Communist domination. The task of the conference was to work out the best way for Singapore to achieve "her true destiny in our remarkable family of nations." Mr. David Marshall, the Chief Minister of Singapore, said that his delegation were approaching the talks conscious that the results would radically affect their people and have repercussions in much wider fields. *On left*—Mr. David Marshall, the Chief Minister of Singapore (in the centre), talks with Mr. John Hare (left), Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, and Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, before the start of the opening session of the Constitutional Conference held in Lancaster House. Mr. Marshall stressed that he came in friendly spirit.

AN EMBROIDERY EXHIBITION AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: The Red Drawing-Room at Marlborough House holds a collection of period furniture and tapestries as part of the exhibition on view there. Organised by the Royal School of Needlework, the loan exhibition comprises collections of furniture, tapestry and embroidery and will be open until May 30. The house has not been used since Queen Mary's death and, in fact, this is the first time that Marlborough House has ever been open to the public in its history. It served as the London home of the late Queen,

ROYAL MOMENTS

The Queen and Princess Margaret at a Point-to-Point ; and the Queen Mother in Scotland

A WINDSWEPT PRINCESS: Princess Margaret takes a walk in the paddock whilst attending a point-to-point meeting of the West Norfolk Hunt held at Sporle, near Sandringham. She accompanied Her Majesty the Queen, who presented the awards to the successful riders.

ROYAL AFTERNOON IN NORFOLK: Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Margaret walk in the paddock between races at the West Norfolk Hunt point-to-point. The Queen later presented the Oliver Birkbeck Cup to the only rider to finish in the race for the Cup.

On left—

SMILES IN THE RAIN: The Queen Mother takes down her umbrella as she is escorted to her car during her visit to the Burgh of Forfar. With her, wearing his chain of office, is Mr. Smyth, the Provost of Forfar, who accompanied the Queen Mother on a tour of Forfar.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER IN SCOTLAND: The Queen Mother looks admiringly at the Battersea Enamel Patch Box which she received together with the Burgess Roll when she was presented with the freedom of the Burgh of Forfar, in Scotland. The ceremony took place in the Reid Hall, Forfar. Afterwards Her Majesty toured the Burgh.

The "B. and K." Visit

THE FINAL PHASE

Trip to Scotland; Signing the Joint Communiqué; At the Press Conference; Tribute to Marx; "Au Revoir" to London

A GIFT OF SCOTCH WHISKY: Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev are presented with bottles of whisky by Provost James Lawson, of Queensferry, when they arrived for their brief tour of Scotland.

On the morning they were due to leave London, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev held their long-awaited Press conference in Central Hall, in Westminster. About 450 journalists from all over the world were present. The proceedings were also broadcast and televised. Those who had expected a free exchange of opinions were disappointed. For nearly an hour Marshal Bulganin read a statement which repeated the terms of the Anglo-Soviet joint communiqué of the night before. Then for less than half an hour Mr. Khrushchev answered written questions which appeared to have been "screened" by Mr. Malik, the Soviet Ambassador. However, to those with knowledge of Soviet methods, it would have been very surprising if the proceedings had been any different.

"STATEMENT ON THE DISCUSSIONS": Sir Anthony Eden and Marshal Bulganin sign the agreed communiqué on their talks. Mr. Khrushchev and bearded atomic expert, Dr. Kurchatov, smile approval.

THE CLIMAX OF THE TOUR: On the morning of their departure, the Soviet leaders face some 450 journalists of many nations at the Press conference in Central Hall, Westminster.

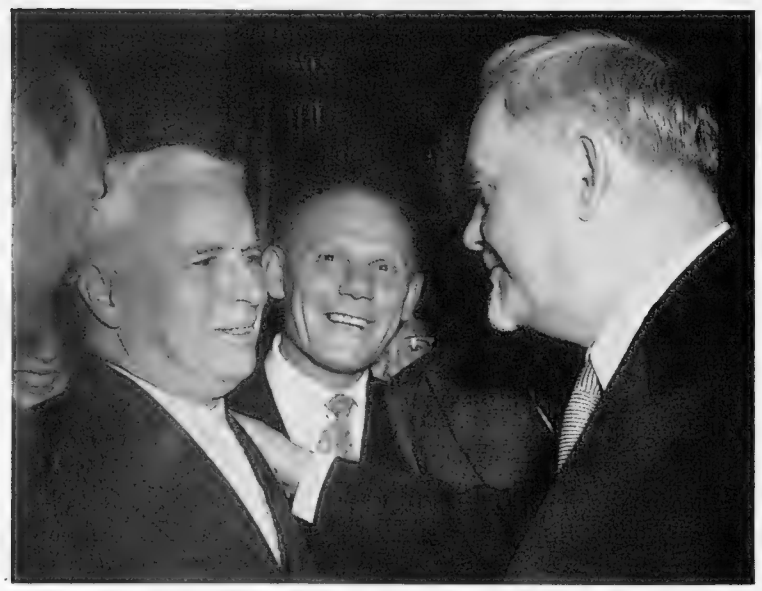
A POINT WELL MADE: Marshal Bulganin chuckles as Mr. Khrushchev replies amiably to a question raised during the Press conference. Two-thirds of the conference was taken up by a long, prepared statement by Marshal Bulganin. Mr. Khrushchev answered the questions.

AT THE GRAVE OF KARL MARX: A wreath has been laid in Highgate Cemetery and the Kremlin leaders stand before the grave, with its vast bust, of the founder of Communism.

FAREWELL TO BRITAIN: The Soviet Prime Minister speaks at Victoria Station before taking the train to Portsmouth for the voyage home. He declared: "We wish the British people success and prosperity. Long live friendship and co-operation between the Soviet Union and Britain. Till we meet again."

SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK IN BIRMINGHAM: In the Council House Marshal Bulganin writes his signature, watched by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Alderman A. L. Gibson, and Mr. Khrushchev. At the B.I.F., in Castle Bromwich, Mr. Khrushchev made an outspoken speech regarding Soviet military power.

THE TALKS ARE OVER: The Soviet Leaders are seen off fr m Dow Street by Sir Anthony Eden at the conclusion o the la the series of talks which had taken place bet veen t



MARSHAL BULGANIN MEETS CHARLIE CHAPLIN: The famous film star was among the 1,000 guests at a reception given by Mr. Malik, the Soviet Ambassador, in the ballroom suite of Claridge's Hotel in London.

AT THE R.A.F. DISPLAY: The Russian visitors are watching the display by fighters and bombers of the R.A.F. at Marham, Norfolk.

The happiest occasion of the Soviet lead 's' v probably the evening they spent at C ent G They were accompanied by Sir Anthon Ed Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, who joined with Marshal Bulg Mr. Khrushchev in long applause for the S dler's Ballet. Afterwards they all went behind sta to m company. Throughout their ten days in Brit Russians were surrounded by some of the ost t security precautions ever known in this cou ry. Fr most part the public treated them with inter t rat with enthusiasm. There was little unexp cted statement issued concerning the talks they ad had the Government. It recorded general agreem ent on aims, but contained nothing substantial or c ncrete.

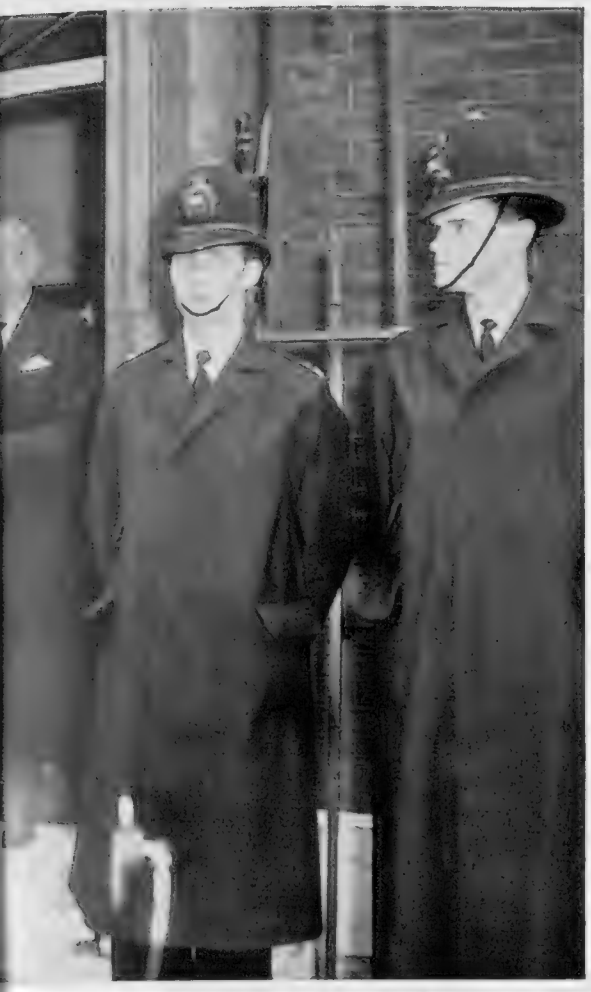
THE "B. and K." TOUR

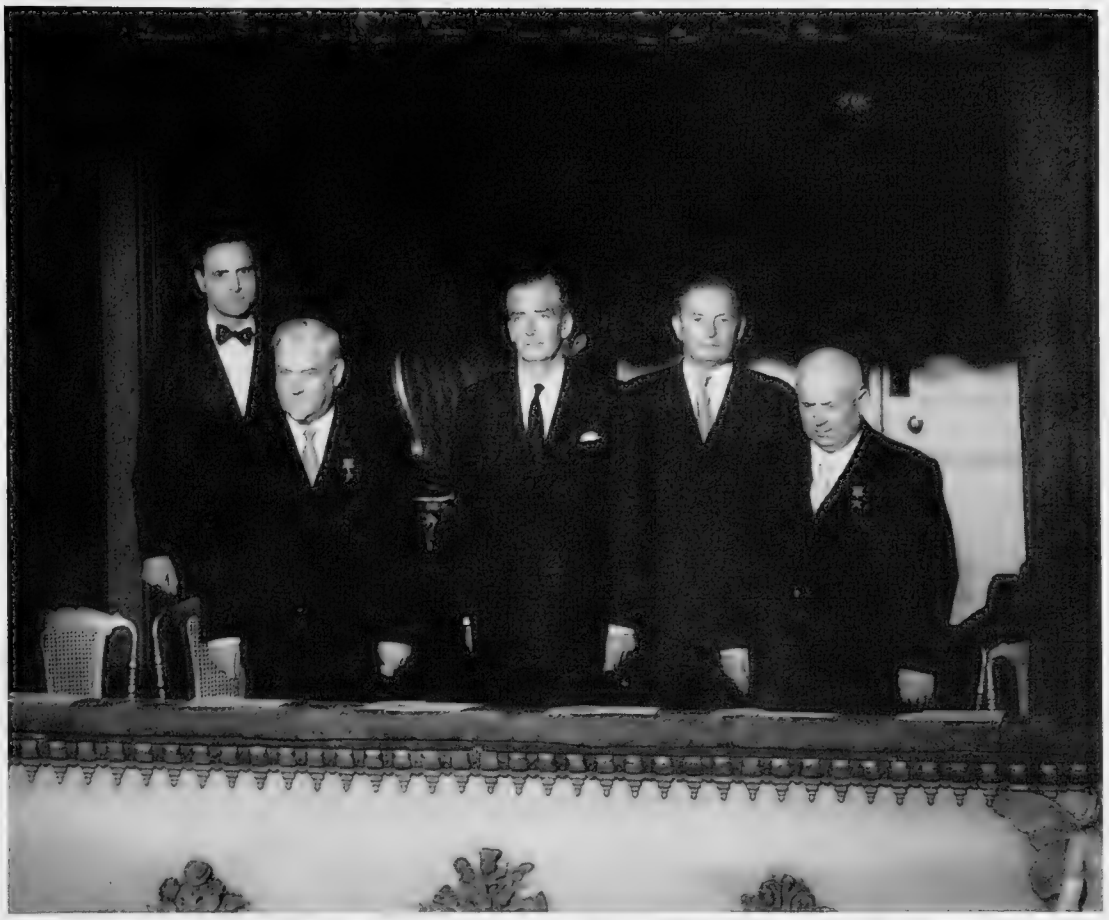
SERIOUS AND GAY OCCASIONS

The Soviet Leaders Seen in Gra Mood; and at the Ballet

GUESTS OF THE FOREIGN SECRETARY: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd sits between his two chief guests at a luncheon he gave in their honour in Carlton Gardens, in London. The Foreign Secretary was one of those who took part in the official talks with the Soviet leaders.

APPRECIATION FROM MR. KHRUSHCHEV: The First Secretary of the Communist Party s "V the hand of Dame Margot Fonteyn behind the scenes at Covent Garden. She had danced in excerpts from *Swan Lake*, and drawn great applause from the Russ





AN OCCASION WHEN THERE WAS NO DOUBT OF COMMON GROUND: Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Sir Anthony Eden and Marshal Bulganin stand in their box at the Royal Opera House while the National Anthems are played. This was the prelude to the performance of the Sadler's Wells Ballet which delighted everyone.

"WHAT A MARVELLOUS PERFORMANCE IT WAS": Marshal Bulganin claps his hands behind the scenes at Covent Garden and is counter-applauded by members of the Ballet. Behind the Marshal is Sir Anthony Eden, and facing him is, in evening dress, Mr. Robert Irving, the Musical Adviser of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, who had conducted the performance. The Premier of the Soviets had just presented to the company two baskets of flowers, one of which is seen in the front. And he had praised the dancers as "marvellous."

ROUND-UPS IN CYPRUS

The Military Authorities Have Conducted Extensive Screening Measures Throughout the Island

Coupled with an intensive security sweep over the mountain regions of Cyprus, British troops have screened thousands of Cypriots in Nicosia and in the larger towns. These moves followed the riots which broke out between Cypriot Greeks and Turks after two Turks, one of them a constable, had been murdered in broad daylight by terrorists. After the shootings, the Turkish population ran riot through the town, burning houses and shops and stoning Greeks in the streets. The riot squads were called out and the mobs dispersed, but not before considerable damage had been done. The screening in Nicosia followed a strict and orderly plan. Every male in the Greek quarter was led into a cage, questioned, photographed and finger-printed, while witnesses of past murders watched from behind screens to identify any they recognised. In the rest of the town where the tempers of the population still remained very high, a strict curfew was imposed and a demarcation line laid down along Paphos Street between the Greek and Turkish sectors of Nicosia. The day curfew was lifted several days later. At the same time as the screening was taking place, 2,000 troops began a systematic street-by-street search of the Greek quarters. In the sealing off of the two quarters, special arrangements were made to allow access to a church and a bank which have been cut off in no man's land.

While these events were taking place in Nicosia, 1,200 troops continued their search in the north-eastern sectors of the island for wanted terrorists and hidden arms stores. The area searched was 60 square miles of hilly country comprising both the Troodos Mountains and the Malounda region.

SECURITY PATROLS IN THE SNOWS : A party of Royal Marine Commandos trek through light hillside snow in the Troodos Mountains during an island-wide search for suspects, and their hide-outs scattered in the hills.

NORTH CYPRUS ROUND-UP : A group of suspects is guarded while awaiting interrogation. These screening measures followed a house-by-house search carried out by the Highland Light Infantry in twelve villages high up in the mountain area of Malounda, North Cyprus.

SUSPECTS ON THE WAY TO QUESTIONING : An Orthodox priest and a villager of Politikos, a small mountain community, are led away for interrogation by security officers. A large number of Cypriots were screened in this area.

COMBING THE HILLSIDES: A cave in the rock-face used by Cypriot terrorists as a hide-out was found by a patrol of the Parachute Regiment during a search in the Malounda region in Northern Cyprus. The terrorists had been warned of the troops' arrival and had fled before they could be captured. *On left*—Rifle sections of the Highland Light Infantry comb the wooded hillsides of the Malounda area. The troops were dispersed around the entire area and systematically advanced to a central point. The search was for wanted men, suspected terrorists and hidden arms. Several Cypriot suspects were kept in temporary camps for future screening. Some terrorist hide-outs were also found.

THE AIRLIFT TO THE ARCTIC D.E.W. LINE CONTINUES: An American C-124 Globemaster lands on an ice-strip at the Gulf of Boothia site. Canadian and U.S. construction teams have almost completed a 3,000-mile network of radar stations—the D.E.W. or Distant Early Warning Line—which is designed to give sufficient warning of an enemy attack from the north. Work began early in 1955 with the establishment of airstrips and base camps. By the spring of last year, Canadian and American planes had lifted 50,000 tons of machinery and supplies beyond the Arctic Circle. Canadians have flown at least half the goods needed for the line, and, in addition, Canada provided search and rescue units and aerial photographic surveys. The cost in lives and equipment has been high. Two military and fifteen civilian aircraft have crashed with a total loss of seventeen lives. The D.E.W. Line is expected to be in full operation in about two years from now.

ASPECTS OF MILITARY AVIATION

Operational Flying in the Arctic; Training in America; High-Speed Flying in France

A NEW AMERICAN JET PRIMARY TRAINER SHOWS ITS PACES: The Beechcraft Model 73 Jet Mentor is seen, *above* and *below*, over Wichita, Kansas, at the beginning of a tour of military bases for further evaluation tests. The new aircraft is a development of the piston-engined Beechcraft Model 45 Mentor, which is the standard U.S.A.F. and U.S. Navy basic trainer. The Beechcraft Jet Mentor is capable of 295 m.p.h. in level flight and has a diving speed of 500 m.p.h. Clearly seen in the top picture is the tandem layout of the cockpit. This allows a more streamlined fuselage and is opposed to current British practice of seating instructor and pupil side-by-side.

A NEW DELTA-WINGED FRENCH FIGHTER IS TEST FLOWN: The S.E. 212 Durandal takes off from Istres Military Airfield. The aircraft has all the modern refinements for high-speed flight, including razor-thin delta-shaped wings and an after-burner to add boost to the engine. The Durandal is reported to have achieved supersonic speed with its Atar jet engine, and soon a special rocket will be fitted for quick acceleration in flight. The Durandal may be regarded as a French hope for the World Air Speed record.

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THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF YORK GOES IN PROCESSION TO THE MINSTER: The Most Rev. Arthur Michael Ramsey is seen on his way from the church of St. Michael-le-Belfrey for his enthronement in the Minster as ninety-second Archbishop of York and Primate of England. Dr. Ramsey was formerly at Durham.

YORK'S ARCHBISHOP ENTHRONED

Splendid Ritual in the Northern Province for the Enthronement of the Most Rev. A. M. Ramsey

With traditional ceremonial Dr. A. M. Ramsey, who was formerly Bishop of Durham, was enthroned as Archbishop of York in the Minster on St. Mark's Day. Included in the vast congregation of over 3,000 people were many diocesan and suffragan bishops with the deans and provosts of other cathedrals, and clergy, civic and lay representatives from the dioceses throughout the Northern Province of England. Many hundreds of others stood outside to watch the processions enter the Minster for the service. It was a service of splendid ritual, with the vestments of the bishops and clergy, and the rich plate of the Minster adding to the splendour of the scene.

After the preliminary ceremonies and legal formalities had been completed in the Chapter House the Archbishop, vested in a new white cope and mitre, went in procession from the church of St. Michael-le-Belfrey to the west door of the Minster. There Dr. Ramsey knocked thrice upon the door and petitioned the Dean to be "inducted, installed and enthroned." A fanfare of trumpets heralded the arrival of the proce sion inside the Minster and t Archbishop and his party ma their way to the Sanctuary wh Dr. Ramsey took the oath on Anglo-Saxon copy of the Gospe The Archbishop was then plac in the chair in front of the Hi Altar in which many former Arc bishops had been installed. Af this Dr. Ramsey knelt for t prayers and was finally led by t Dean to his throne in the choir the accompaniment of a furth fanfare of trumpets and the singi of the "Te Deum," the Church great hymn of thanksgiving. A the end of the service, Dr. Ramse returned to his chair and receiv the homage of the clergy.

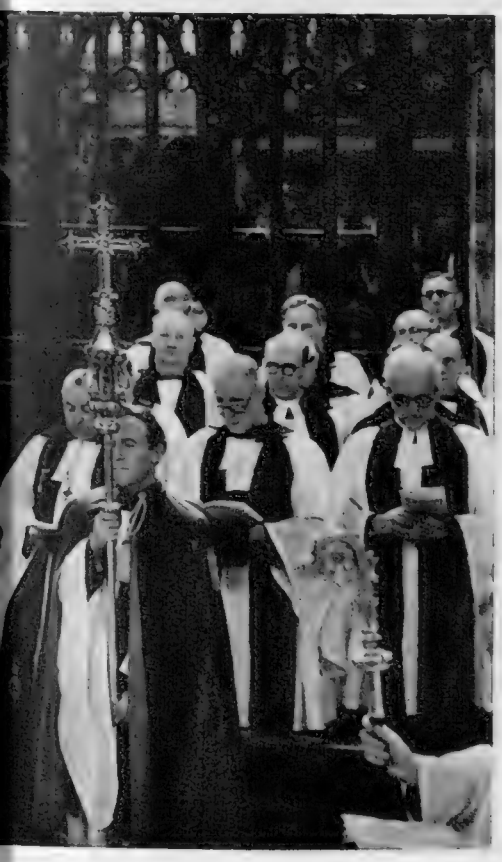
In his address the Archbish reminded those present that t Church of England is the ancie Catholic Church of this country unbroken in the continuity of i faith, its order and its sacrament life from the earliest times. "W can be sure," he said, "th nothing is more wounding to th heart of our Lord than the division in the Church for whose unity H prayed on the night before He die

THE CIVIC DIGNITARIES ATTEND IN STATE: Walking behind the sword-bearer are the Lord Mayor of York and other members of the Council. The sword-bearer is wearing the cap of maintenance. The congregation also included representatives of many walks of life throughout the Province.

THE ARCHBISHOP KNOCKS THRICE UPON THE WE DOOR: Dr. Ramsey is using his pastoral stu for the three traditional knocks. As the do was opened the Archbishop petitioned the Dea to be "inducted, installed and enthroned

THE ARCHBISHOP KNEELS BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR: He is receiving the blessing of the Dean (Dr. Eric Milner-White) during the most solemn part of the service. Standing to the right of the picture is the chaplain with the Cross of York. *On right*—The Dean holds the Minster's Anglo-Saxon copy of the Gospels, on which the Archbishop is taking the oath.

HE SPLENDID SCENE IN THE SANCTUARY : The Archbishop has just been placed in the historic chair in which many Archbishops of York have been installed. In the right foreground are some of the canons of Durham and York.



THE NEW ARCHBISHOP IN HIS THRONE: He was led to the throne in the choir by the Dean after the ceremonies in the sanctuary. Also seen in the picture are some of the clergy from the fourteen dioceses of the Province. There were about 3,000 people present in the Minster for the enthronement, including a representative of the Prime Minister.

A "ROYAL TOMB" IS UNCOVERED

German Excavations in Iraq Bring to Light a Burial Chamber

An expedition under the auspices of the German Archæological Institute and the German Orient Society has brought to light what is possibly a royal burial chamber in Iraq. The team, led by Professor Heinrich Lenzen, have been digging during this last season on the Sumerian site at Warka on the Lower Euphrates. Warka is the site of the ancient Uruk and the later biblical Erech. It seems possible that the discoveries made by this team will result in the excavating of a royal cemetery similar to that found between 1922 and 1926 by Sir Leonard Woolley at Ur, the city of Abraham.

The discovery of the tomb was made when the German team were excavating the courtyard of a temple on the site. During this routine work a rectangular structure was uncovered which dated back to 2800 B.C. When the excavation of this was continued several corridors were brought to light containing hundreds of ceramic vases, some up to 2 ft. in height. One of these was an exceptionally beautiful example of its type in red marble. With the vases were wooden remains which could have been ornamented chests and casks. It was an ancient belief that the dead body needs nourishment. This would probably explain the presence of so many vases.

In the centre of the floor of a large room were the ashes and other remains of a large sacrificial fire. While this fire was still burning the room had been filled in from above. This led to the surmise by Professor Lenzen that perhaps there are other rooms beneath at varying levels. If the structure is similar to that at Ur, then there should be several chambers, one under the other, down to a depth of 40 ft. In this case the royal burial chamber would be the last one to be reached. Soundings below the floor of the level so far excavated have revealed more "filling" and what could be plaster from a ceiling.

THE UPPER LEVEL OF THE TOMB: During this season the German archæological team digging on the Sumerian site at Warka have been unable to excavate more than the upper level of this newly-discovered burial chamber. They have not gone beyond a depth of 2 metres, but it is believed that the full depth of the centuries-old tomb goes down to 16 metres.

It is possible, however, that confirmation of the existence of a royal burial chamber will be found before the bottom level is reached. So far during the examination of the "filling" which has been sifted the team have found some pottery fragments and a single small figurine, which would seem to have been dug out of the lowest level by the original makers of the tomb. The date given to these is that of the first years of the fourth millennium before Christ, or perhaps from the later years of the fifth millennium. This is the first evidence that Uruk was inhabited at this date.

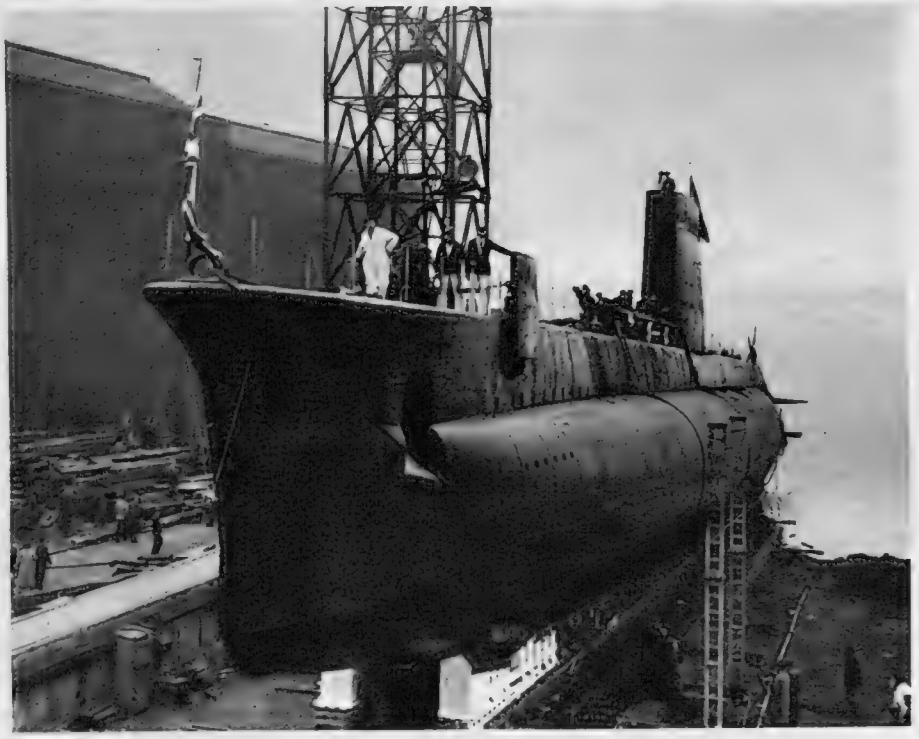
A TOMB OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY, B.C.: This rounded coffin was found in the corner of one of the dwelling-houses which were excavated on the site. The remains found inside are probably those of a slave or servant.

FOOD FOR THE DEAD: The German excavators discovered countless flasks and bottles in the corridors of the tomb. Their presence is due to the ancient belief that the bodies of the dead need nourishment. The flasks possibly contained wine and oil.

THE SLEEP OF CENTURIES: These remains were found in the corner of a dwelling-house which probably belonged to a priest in the temple area. It was customary to have several tombs in each house to bury its inmates.

AN ESCORT FROM CANADA FOR THE QUEEN: H.M.C.S. *St. Laurent* is to join the naval escort of the Queen when she visits Sweden next month.

The Royal Canadian Navy has in the *St. Laurent* the first of fourteen anti-submarine destroyer escorts which can be regarded as among the most up to date in the world. Displacing 2,000 tons and 366 ft. in length, *St. Laurent* cost over £5,350,000 to build. This sum is not excessive, judged by modern standards. For the ship can provide protection against submarine attack to merchant vessels carrying cargo of far higher value. She has been well described as a "hard-hitting, electronic insurance." Her electronically controlled mortars are said to possess more lethal power than any other weapon yet developed for anti-submarine warfare. She has radar-controlled guns which have a very high rate of fire and orders can be given to any part of the ship by a broadcast system. Accommodation for the company includes cafeteria mess halls with fluorescent lighting and a sick bay equipped with an operating table.



On right—
A NEW SUBMARINE FOR THE ROYAL NAVY: H.M.S. *Porpoise* moves down the stocks as she is launched in the yard of Vickers-Armstrongs at Barrow-in-Furness. She had been named by Mrs. Luce, wife of the Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. *Porpoise* is the first standard-size fighting submarine to be laid down by the Royal Navy since the war. She is 295 ft. 3 ins. in overall length and 26 ft. 6 ins. in extreme breadth. Special attention has been given in her design to enable her to have the maximum possible underwater, and silent, speed. A number of other new submarines are scheduled for this class, which will take the name of "Porpoise." They may well be the last of Britain's "conventional" submarines.

THREE NEW WARSHIPS

A Canadian Destroyer Escort; a British Submarine; and America's Giant Carrier

THE WORLD'S LARGEST WARSHIP JOINS THE AMERICAN NAVY: The ship's company of the United States aircraft-carrier *Saratoga* is assembled on her deck for the commissioning ceremony in the naval shipyard on the East River of New York. In the background is the Williamsburg Bridge. Behind, to the left, can be seen the New York skyline. The first prominent structure is the United Nations Building. *Saratoga*, of 60,000 tons, is the largest ship in commission with any navy in the world.

ABOVE GRAND HARBOUR: Two R.A.F. Shackletons fly over Malta's naval base on their way to take part in the fly- and sail-past of the aircraft and ships at the end of the N.A.T.O. Exercise "Medflex Dragon." The naval vessels have already left the harbour for the demonstration of Allied power.

N.A.T.O. IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

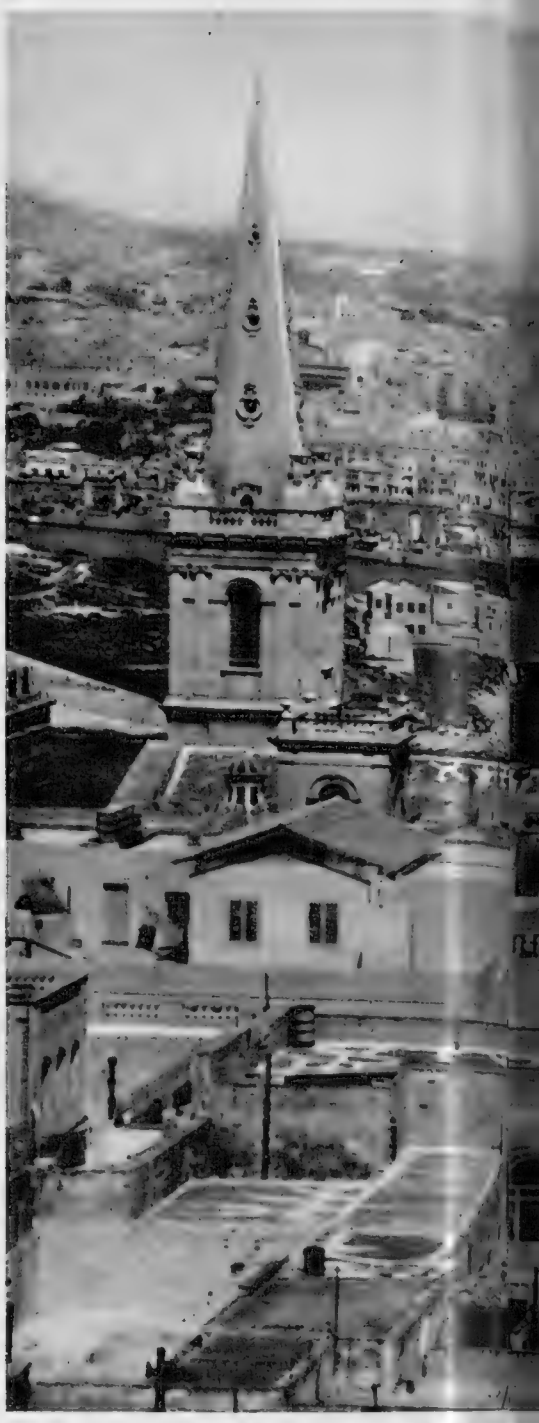
Sea and Air Power Combine in a Most Impressive Exercise

General Gruenther, the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, who is retiring at the end of this year, recently reviewed off Malta a most impressive display of N.A.T.O. defensive power. Before him passed the ships and the aircraft which had taken part in the Allied naval-air Exercise "Medflex Dragon." Groups of vessels from the British, French, Greek, Italian and Turkish Navies had been concerned. Fighters and bombers had come from Britain and America, and the latter country had also sent as an advanced base support ship the U.S.S. *Alameda*.

During the week of the exercise, four convoys were assumed to have sailed from various Mediterranean ports. With their escorts they eventually combined to reach their objective, Malta. Destroyers, frigates, minelayers and their ancillary vessels surrounded them for protection, with the support of aircraft—R.A.F. Shackletons and U.S. Neptunes. Against them was the menace of submarines and, in the air, of Canberras. Numerous "battles" were engaged, the bombers claiming, among other successes, the destruction of various defending airfields, while convoy escorts placed on record a sizeable "bag" of submarines and aircraft. Whatever the final reckonings, the N.A.T.O. forces certainly showed themselves highly efficient in both attack and defence.

On right—

THE SUPREME COMMANDER IN EUROPE LOOKS ON: From the land General Gruenther watches through glasses the ships of many N.A.T.O. nations entering Grand Harbour at the end of the exercise. General Gruenther recently announced his retirement from his command towards the end of the year.



SUBMARINES AND DESTROYERS: Moored in Misida Creek are, on the right, the Royal Naval submarines *Sentinel* and *Tallyho* (in front) and *Sanguine* and *Sea Devil* (behind). On the left are two Italian submarines, *Tazzoli* and *Da Vinci*, and beyond them the French destroyers *Chateaurenault* and *Guichen* (extreme left). In Exercise "Medflex Dragon" a convoy escorted by destroyers and other ships was attacked in the Mediterranean by strong submarine forces. Aircraft were also concerned in the exercise.

COMRADES IN DEFENCE: At their berths in Sliema Creek are some of the warships which took part in the exercise. In line, in front, are H.M. minelayer *Manxman*, the Italian escort destroyer *Carabiniere*, the French destroyer *Soudanais*, the Italian escort destroyer *Aviere* and, left of church spire, the Turkish destroyer *Gazientep*. In line behind are the frigates *Albatros* (Italian), *Kabyle*, *Bambara*, *Boulonnais*, *Bordelais* and *Corse* (all French), and the Royal Naval frigates *Ulysses* and *Ursa*.

A N.A.T.O. CRUISER RETURNS TO BASE: The French warship *Georges Leygues* (10,850 tons full load) is watched from the shore as she steams into Grand Harbour. As part of the exercise mock attacks were made on airfields in Malta and in Southern Italy.

ITALIAN MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS IN FORMATION: They are taking part in the steam-past which concluded Exercise "Medflex Dragon." In the background is H.M.S. *Ursa*. General Gruenther watched the ships and aircraft in this parade of N.A.T.O. strength.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

A Hundred Years Old.—Two months ago I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Adelaide Maude Marsh at her home at Keyhaven, near Lymington, three days after she had reached her centenary. Notwithstanding her age, Mrs. Marsh is still wonderfully vigorous, both in mind and body. On her birthday she received congratulatory messages and visits all day, and she regularly rises at 7.30 a.m. and retires under persuasion at midnight. The secret of her vitality, I should say, is the fact that she has led an active, indeed, a daring life.

She was born and spent all her childhood at Lymington, where her father, Canon Maturin, was vicar for over fifty years, as well as rural dean of the New Forest. She has a faint recollection of Donati's comet, which sped across the sky in 1858, and as a girl she had a small adventure with Tennyson in the Isle of Wight. Tennyson hated visitors, it seems, particularly casual intruders, and scowled when he came upon a strange girl sketching his farm at Farringford, not realising that she was the daughter of two of his old friends; but when he saw her drawing, he smiled, patted her on the head and passed on without a word.

In 1883 Maude Maturin ran away to marry a handsome young barrister, Harry Fienes Speed, who, some years later, took Holy Orders and became Rector of Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, finally being known as "the Yachtsmen's Parson."

They both had a passion for yachting and sailed a 4-tonner together all along the South Coast and the coast of Normandy and through the canals of the Low Countries, a difficult feat in sail only. Later they had a 12-ton motor-boat, the *Pipefish*, in which they cruised on both sides of the Channel. Mrs. Speed recorded many of her adventures in articles for the leading magazines, which she illustrated herself. After her husband's death she continued her travels to the Middle East, Canada and various parts of the world, and wrote several books. She has been a prolific artist and has sold paintings to no fewer than four successive Queens—Victoria, Alexandra, Mary and Elizabeth, the present Queen Mother. We reproduce here a vigorous water-colour which she completed only last year at the age of ninety-nine, in four hours, standing, and without the use of glasses.

In 1933 she married her present husband, David C. Marsh, an accomplished musician and lecturer on travel in foreign countries, whom she met on an East African journey. They live in a charming house overlooking the western end of the Solent. This is a lovely little corner of England, a paradise for birds and flowers, where the seagulls come in great flocks every day to be fed and where they can watch the ships pass majestically to distant places.

Wooden Bygones.—I am glad to have this year's notice of the Pinto Collection of Wooden Bygones, which is housed at Oxhey Woods, near Northwood, in Middlesex, and is open between April and September. First shown to the public last year, it has already attracted a great deal of notice, and is being steadily extended. There are some 4,000 exhibits—all objects in use on the farm, in the household, and in particular trades—and may be said to represent a unique aspect of social history during the past four centuries. The exhibits are too various to list here, but the student or casual visitor is helped by the fact that many of them are displayed in dummy shops appropriate to the subject, e.g., The Apothecary, or The Tobacco and Snuff Shop, and all are comprehensively labelled.

As a farmer I have an overriding interest in such things as dairy utensils or pig salters, but there is something for everybody. For example, two skewer holders have a fascination and beauty which is their own. Mr. Pinto writes that when he purchased the reeded holder, he had never seen or heard of these devices before; but, as so often happens in collecting, its companion turned up from Wales in a couple of months.

Animal Health Association.—I have mentioned in this column in the past the work of Newman Turner, one of the leading exponents of organic farming, and a worthy successor to Sir Albert Howard, the great pioneer in this country of "natural husbandry" in all its forms. Newman Turner edits a quarterly journal *The Farmer*, devoted to this cause, and is a militant broadcaster and lecturer. He needs to be, for the opposition is immensely strong and comprises the whole body of orthodox farmers and scientists, backed by manufacturers of artificial fertilisers and drugs. Above all, Newman Turner practises what he preaches at Ferne, a delightful greensand farm below the Downs near Shaftesbury. Although unable to hand myself over body and soul to the "humus boys," I am sympathetic. In fact, I firmly believe they have "got something," and have consulted Newman Turner on several occasions and read his journal. One of his most impressive services is to take other people's sick animals on to his farm, and treat them by natural methods alongside his own animals; and he has had some remarkable successes.

However, in consulting him, I am aware I have added to the almost intolerable burden of work which he has attracted to himself. People come to him from all over the place, to see what he is doing, and in very many cases seeking advice. There is clearly a limit to what one man can do, and so steps are now being taken to create an organisation, the Animal Health Association, to extend the work. Briefly, its objects are: to accumulate a body of information and experience among breeders who practise natural methods; to recommend bona fide herbal and other natural remedies; to establish a hospital and encourage research; and to disseminate knowledge so gained.

A NEW-BORN CALF ON A FARM BELOW THE DOWNS NEAR SHAFTESBURY: It has been born to a fifteen-year-old cow which was formerly sterile. Mr. Newman Turner takes other people's sick animals on to his farm, and treats them by natural methods alongside his own animals. He has had some remarkable successes.

One of the handicaps, I find, to movements of this kind, and to any movement associated with Nature—natural healing, natural feeding, natural farming, naturism, and what not—is that so often a good idea is killed, not by opposition, but by uncritical and frankly crazy support. The eccentrics come flocking round like bees to the honey-pot, and the whole thing gets laughed out of court without a proper hearing. But Newman Turner is not like that. He does not, so far as I know, wear sandals; his hair is not long—quite the reverse, he is rather bald; and he does not belong to the Great Unwashed. I know I have always been struck by his common sense and matter-of-fact manner and appearance.

Rural Radio.—The technique of broadcasting about the countryside is an extremely interesting one. Just as not every professor can teach his own subject effectively, so it is not enough to be an expert in country matters. I make no claim to being an expert, but I have now written well over 150 scripts on rural subjects for sound radio and personally broadcast as many times, and each time I find there is something new to learn. I know, for example, of no script that cannot be edited with advantage before transmission.

Reading a piece aloud soon reveals the pomposities that pass in prose but not in speech, and reading it through a microphone reveals even more. A good producer can double the effectiveness of a talk by cutting nearly every sentence to an almost epigrammatic terseness, and by directions as to emphasis and phrasing. I have a tendency to talk too fast—nerves, I suppose—and every time I have to will myself to slow down, to enunciate more carefully, to count in between pauses, and to wait, wait, wait. On the other hand, there is some extraordinary alchemy in a studio rehearsal, which can render a dull subject interesting, but it is nearly always the producer who is the alchemist, not the speaker.

When it comes to the subject, there is nothing more revealing than the speaker who does not really know his stuff, or who puts on an act. In other words he is being insincere. Insincerity shrieks through the air; it can never be covered up. For example, although deeply attached to the country and making my living in it, I cannot myself speak dialect. I can make a respectable pass at "mummerzet" in private conversation or bucolic stories, but try it on the air—the result would be patent and appalling, and I would be immediately revealed as an impostor. Again, we know well the V.I.P. or visiting star, who on arrival at the airport is asked to give a snap opinion on English cooking or English girls or English foreign policy. The reply cannot fail to be acutely embarrassing, not for what the poor man says, but for what he is trying not to say.

Generally speaking, I play for safety by grounding most scripts on personal experience or careful research. I then feel justified in making positive statements, which are, after all, only opinions based on my knowledge of the fact. If I am not sure, then it is always wise to say so. It is far better to be forgiven for ignorance or even an outright mistake, than be caught out as a pretentious know-all. As for the insincerity of familiarity, such as calling a complete stranger by his Christian name the first time you talk to him on the air, I used to hate this and stuffily used the surname whenever I could remember it. But that's the point. Lately I have fallen into bad habits, simply because I can never remember anyone's name in an emergency, least of all a surname. And a Christian name has a curious habit of sticking.

STONEY CROSS PLAIN, NEW FOREST: This water-colour was painted by Mrs. Adelaide M. Marsh at the age of ninety-nine. *On left*—A recent picture of the artist who reached her centenary earlier this year. Mrs. Marsh regularly rises at 7.30 a.m.

A ROCKET ENGINE DEMONSTRATION FOR THE PRESS: Representatives of the American press (on left) watch the first public test firing of a rocket engine at North American Aviation's Rocketdyne Propulsion Field Laboratory in the Santa Susana Mountains, California. A cloud of black smoke rises out of the rock arena where the engine is being tested in a steel tower embedded in the rock. This sort of rocket power will be used in intercontinental missiles with speeds up to 10,000 miles an hour.

ROCKET MISSILE RESEARCH

The American Press Watch a Demonstration at a Research Laboratory in the Santa Susana Mountains, California

POWER IN THE HILLS: An engine is fired from one of the steel towers. On either side are other stands, one showing the concrete trough which channels the flames. The engines are "static-tested" in this isolated mountain laboratory to record their thrust and performance.

TEN YEARS OF RESEARCH: The original site of the Field Laboratory was purchased almost ten years ago when it consisted of 600 acres of waste land. Now its area totals three square miles.

Before the end of the Second World War little research had been done in America into rocket propulsion and little was known of the intricacies of supersonic aerodynamics. But beginning with a thorough study of the German V-2 to master the technique, American specialists have advanced far in the field. One of the leading companies carrying out research into rocket propulsion is the North American Aviation Incorporated which has created a separate division, Rocketdyne, concerned solely with study in this field. With the backing of the United States Air Force the new division has been set up in a vast headquarters at Canoga Park, in California, about 35 miles from Los Angeles. Here the rocket engines are designed and manufactured before being sent off to be tested. Among the relatively small propulsion units that have been perfected in this factory is one capable of 50,000 lb. of thrust. Operating with alcohol and liquid oxygen, it is capable of accelerating a test sled to speeds exceeding 1,500 m.p.h. in 4.5 seconds.

With the expansion of the new division, the North American Aviation's Propulsion Field Laboratory has grown accordingly. From the original 600 acres which were purchased in 1947, it has expanded to three square miles of intricate facilities for the actual testing and developing of the rocket engines. Situated in the rugged bowls of the Santa Susana Mountains, it lies 1,800 ft. above the floor of the San Fernando Valley in an area full of tumbled rocks and hidden valleys. The cost of the elaborate and expensive equipment on the site is borne jointly by the Company and the United States Air Force. There are already several gigantic steel test towers and more are in the course of construction. Capable of withstanding many thousands of pounds of thrusting power, they are anchored in the bedrock and hold the rocket engines during the firing tests.

The most powerful piston engines offer only a fraction of the power that a modern rocket engine can generate. Utilising the jet reaction from the combustion of huge quantities of fuel and oxygen, a rocket engine can easily accelerate large missiles to supersonic speeds. Such missiles carry their own oxygen and are independent of the earth's atmosphere. Already the intercontinental missile is a reality. The next step would seem to be the rocket which will travel beyond the limits of the earth.

MAN-MADE ENERGY: Exhaust gases billow up around the testing stand as one of the rocket engines is fired during the press demonstration. The most powerful piston engine offers only a fraction of this power.

GROTESQUE SHAPES IN A GRACEFUL BALLET: This is the impression given by photographers of the United States Navy as they operate with their latest equipment deep below the ocean. Wearing oxygen masks and cylinders and with "frogmen" flappers on their feet, they carry watertight cameras. The man at the top on the right has a new type of camera, with a highly powerful long-range lens.

PH

CAMERAS BENEATH THE SEA

U.S. Naval Teams are Seen in Operation

For many years the camera has been an important weapon in many branches of military activity. Its employment below the water opens numerous vital possibilities, which are a matter of particular study at the United States Naval Photographic Centre in Washington.

The pictures on these pages show some of the American personnel who have been specially trained by that organisation in the use of still, film and television cameras for underwater work. The equipment itself requires the most careful construction. Self-evidently, the camera must first and foremost be watertight. It must also be abnormally powerful, with a strong lens which can penetrate the mist-like effect of underwater conditions and take its pictures at the longest possible range. Cameras used on the land and in the air have been adapted to meet below-seas needs.

Another essential consideration is weight. The camera must be light and easy to handle. The operators have to carry oxygen equipment for their breathing masks besides their cameras, and they have to be able to hold and manœuvre the latter as rapidly as possible in cross-currents and other unfamiliar circumstances.

The cameramen propel themselves with flappers attached to their feet and in their operations often appear to be executing some grotesque but none the less graceful ballet. There is no doubt of the military value of the results of their work.

For instance, an undersea photographer can creep up on a submarine lying submerged. Pictures can be taken of the submarine's position, demolition teams briefed and the vessel attacked with explosives.

On a more constructive side, naval underwater photographers can be of great assistance in salvage operations, and add much to oceanographic research.

AN UNSUSPECTED APPROACH: The crew of this submerged submarine are unaware that a cameraman is standing on the vessel's hull. This method of undetected approach can be used for photographic reconnaissance which is most valuable for demolition teams.

UNDERWATER LANGUAGE: The operators have no difficulty in understanding each other as they converse in "sign language" in making their preparations. TV cameras are also being developed for undersea work.

A SURPRISING USE FOR A MINE: The camera is steadied for a shot by being placed on a mine. As a result, the photographer appears to be grasping a weirdly-shaped fish with a large eye and rotund body.

A

PHOTOGRAPHING A SUBMERGED SUBMARINE: The cameraman, holding his camera "at the ready," glides away from the propeller of a submerged submarine and makes his way below the vessel's hull.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED: The naval photographer has carried out his underwater task and is now heading for the surface. All his equipment is carefully designed to be as light as possible and, as can be seen, the camera is carried comfortably in one hand, with a "safety strap" round the wrist.

A CAMERA TEAM IN CONFERENCE DEEP BELOW THE OCEAN: Lieut.-Commander C. A. Hooper, on left, Photographer Striker D. F. Williams, in the centre, and Photographer I/C W. J. Scallion—all members of an American naval underwater team—discuss the operation of their watertight camera. Considerable developments have been made lately in this branch of photography by specially trained personnel from the United States Naval Photographic Centre in Washington. Camera records from below the seas can assist in salvage operations, help in oceanographic research and be extremely useful for the training and the operations of anti-submarine demolition teams.

ON SHOW IN THE JEWEL TOWER

The Last Surviving Domestic Portion of the Palace of Westminster is Open to the Public

RELICS OF OLD WESTMINSTER: They are on show at the Jewel Tower at Westminster, which has just been opened to the public after extensive restoration following wartime damage.

For the first time in its long history the Jewel Tower, which is the only surviving building of the ancient residential palace of the Kings of England at Westminster, is open to the public. Since 1948 the tower has been systematically repaired and its foundations underpinned, and it now houses an exhibition of photographic reproductions of maps, plans, prints and drawings illustrative of phases in the history of the Palace of Westminster. Among the other exhibits are reproductions of designs for the new Houses of Parliament submitted by unsuccessful competitors in 1835.

The Jewel Tower is a three-storey stone building, with one principal and one smaller room on each floor. It remained in use as a jewel house and Royal wardrobe until the death of Henry VIII in 1547, and then, from 1621 until 1864, it formed the nucleus of the Parliament Office, or record office of the House of Lords. About half-way through this period many of the tower's external Gothic features were removed and the present iron-framed, round-headed windows inserted. From 1869 until 1938 it housed the testing apparatus of the Weights and Measures Department of the Board of Trade.

On right—

AN ENTRANCE TO A VAULT WHICH ONCE HELD JEWELS AND PLATE: Although the iron door was made in 1621, the original lock is still in perfect condition.

THE RESTORED FOURTEENTH-CENTURY JEWEL TOWER: It stands a little to the south-east of Westminster Abbey. The moat was dug in the fourteenth century, filled up in the seventeenth century and rediscovered by excavation during the recent restoration.

On right—

FROM THE OLD TUDOR PALACE: This case contains carved stones which were discovered on the site of the Whitehall Palace.

INSIDE ONE OF THE ROOMS: Originally it was used for the storage of jewels and plate. The small doorway on the right leads to the spiral staircase. *On right*—**This showcase contains relics discovered in the Jewel Tower itself. There is no charge for admission to the building.**

A NEW RECTOR FOR ST. ANDREWS

The Lord Chancellor, Viscount Kilmuir, is Installed as Rector of the University of St. Andrews

RECTORIAL CELEBRATIONS: The traditional "snake" of undergraduates blocks North Street, as they wend their way to the Younger Graduation Hall for the installation ceremony where Viscount Kilmuir was made an LL.D. and installed as Rector of the University. The short distance took over half an hour to cover.

THE NEW RECTOR IN A HORSELESS CARRIAGE: The Lord Chancellor, sitting in an open carriage, is pulled through the streets of St. Andrews by undergraduates to his installation.

THE DEFENDANT AT THE BAR: Viscount Kilmuir speaks in his defence when he was tried by undergraduates and sentenced to three years' hard labour as Rector of the University.

The installation of the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Kilmuir, as Rector of the University of St. Andrews was accompanied by the usual celebrations on the part of the undergraduate body. After the rectorial address, the undergraduates assembled in the Court of United College and then moved in the traditional serpentine manner to the Younger Graduation Hall 100 yards away. They sang songs, beat tins and blew trumpets on the way. The short distance took almost half an hour to cover before the galleries and the floor of the hall were full. For another half an hour uproar filled the chamber as streamers flew across from gallery to gallery, to end up finally in a deep mass on the floor. The singing grew in strength and rose to a roar with the song "The Animals Came in Two by Two," as the mace-bearers appeared heading the long file of Dons and Professors.

The Lord Chancellor was wearing the black and scarlet gown of a St. Andrews Doctor of Laws when, to general applause, he mounted the dais to receive his honorary degree. He was presented by Professor A. A. Matheson, the Academic Orator and Dean of the Faculty of Law. In conferring the degree, the University Chancellor, the Duke of Hamilton, "capped" Viscount Kilmuir with the old velvet cap believed to have belonged to John Knox. The installation began with Mr. Eric Anderson, President of the Students' Representative Council of St. Andrews, reading the minutes of the Lord Chancellor's election.

On right—

CONFERRING HONORARY DEGREES: Mr. R. A. Butler, the Lord Privy Seal, is "capped" by the Chancellor of the University, His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, as he receives the honorary degree of Doctor of Law. The velvet cap is believed to have belonged to John Knox. Viscount Kilmuir also became an honorary Doctor of Law.

THE SLUMS OF LONDON'S EAST END WHICH ARE TO BE SWEPT AWAY BY THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: *Left*—This is Day Place, Stepney, where the space in front of the houses is only about 6 ft. deep; the backyard is the same. All the houses are occupied. The row is in the Pell Street clearance area of Stepney, which the L.C.C. declared in December 1955, to be unfit for human habitation. *Right*—Pole Street, Stepney, is in the Clive Street area which was declared a slum area in October 1953

NEW HOMES FOR LONDON'S EAST END

A Transformation at Stepney where the Slums are Being Swept Away by the L.C.C. to Make Room for New Dwellings

OVER THE BACKYARD WALL: Behind the wall are the backs of rows of houses in the Clive Street area. In this confined space the family washday presents a major problem. *On right, above*—The space where a house has been demolished gives some idea of the very cramped conditions.

THE EAST END BUILDS ANEW: A view of three eight-storey flats which form a quadrangle on the Ocean Estate in Stepney. In the centre is a very necessary children's play space, and in the right centre foreground is a single-storey laundry. It will be noticed that there are three different types of architecture. Sites have also been provided on the estate for a nursery school and licensed premises

Since the war the London County Council has rehoused over 6,000 families (20,000 people) from slum areas in the East End. This figure represents 6 per cent. of the 350,000 people who have been rehoused by the Council throughout the area for which they are responsible. During the first part of 1955 the Council was emptying slum clearance areas at a rate of 800 a year and by the end of the year the rate had been increased to 2,600 a year. In addition to this great drive by the L.C.C., the Metropolitan Boroughs have also made considerable progress with slum clearance. Their combined programmes total approximately half that of the L.C.C.

In Stepney the slum clearance by the L.C.C. is going ahead steadily and the residents are being rehoused in several new housing estates. Two of the slum clearance areas illustrated on these pages are the Pell Street clearance area and the Clive Street area. The first, which was declared in 1955 to be unfit for human habitation, measures about 1¼ acres and comprises 77 houses, of which 12 are vacant. About 127 families will be displaced. The land here is scheduled in the Council's Development Plan, partly for commercial and partly for educational purposes.

The Clive Street area (about 3¼ acres) was declared a slum in October 1953. After a public inquiry by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government in May 1955, a compulsory purchase order was confirmed and the rehousing of families prior to demolition, has now begun. The houses are old two-storey properties in terraces, some fronting narrow streets and many having inadequate rear yards. The main defects of the houses are inter-communicating rooms, dampness, dark and badly ventilated rooms and staircases, inconveniently situated sanitary accommodation and deteriorated walls and woodwork.

The Ocean Estate, which is one of the new housing estates in Stepney, is spacious, clean and modern. The design of the blocks of flats and rows of terrace houses is varied and open spaces have been left for use as children's playgrounds and for the building of other essential offices, such as laundries.

The L.C.C.'s rate of progress in slum clearance by the end of last year has been built up largely over four years from 1951, when they agreed with other councils on a five-year programme for dealing with 10,000 slum dwellings. Two years later, the programme was sufficiently advanced for the councils together to initiate a second five-year programme; and this was already in preparation when housing authorities were required to submit slum clearance proposals to the Minister under the Housing Repairs and Rents Acts, 1954.

When he made a tour of slum clearance work earlier this year, Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, said: "The sooner we get these people out of these hovels the better." He visited the boroughs of Stepney, Bethnal Green and Shoreditch, and started the demolition of the 5,500th slum dwelling to be pulled down by the L.C.C. since they started slum clearance after the war.

TRANSFORMATION AT STEPNEY: New blocks of flats on the Ocean Estate which are being used for the rehousing of people from slum areas. The Ocean Estate, which is 42 acres in extent, has 1,399 dwellings. There are forty blocks of flats varying in height from three to eight storeys, and 107 terrace cottages and maisonettes over shops. There are also six laundries, tenants' clubroom, estate workshop, children's playgrounds, garages and shops. During 1955 the L.C.C. rehoused 2,617 families (about 9,000 people) from 2,000 houses in slum clearance areas. This represented 30 per cent. of the total of about 30,000 people rehoused by the Council last year.

THE NEW RISES ALONGSIDE THE OLD: This is a view of a five-storey "Y"-shaped block of flats and maisonettes at the corner of Duckett Street and Ben Jonson Road, on Stepney's new Ocean Estate.

On right—

VARIATION IN HEIGHT: These three blocks of flats range in height from three to five storeys. They are on the L.C.C.'s Berner Street Estate, which is also in Stepney.

THE FINE SETTING OF INGESTRE HALL, WHICH IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: This view of the west front, which remains as John Nash rebuilt it in 1809, shows the near-by parish church (formerly the private chapel) and the formal garden at the rear. Ingestre gardens were opened to the public for the first time last year.

INGESTRE HALL OPENS ITS DOORS

The Home of the Earl of Shrewsbury, in Staffordshire, is Opened to the Public

Ingestre Hall, in Staffordshire, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, which was opened to the public at Easter, is a rose-brick Jacobean house built in 1613 by Sir Walter Chetwynd on the site of an earlier manor house which he completely demolished. In 1675 the builder's grandson, Walter Chetwynd, made considerable alterations to the house, and then, in 1809, Charles Chetwynd, 2nd Earl Talbot, employed John Nash to redesign the north and west fronts in a style more "complementary" to the south front. Nash also undertook some alterations to the main south front, the most noticeable of which was the replacement of the Jacobean cupola surmounting the porch tower, by an open lantern standing on an observation platform. This resembled a similar construction over the central block of Hatfield House, the seat of Lord Talbot's uncle, the Marquess of Salisbury. Towards the end of the last century a part of the house was destroyed by fire, but was faithfully reconstructed in most parts with the old bricks and stone. The gardens at Ingestre were replanned by "Capability" Brown.

THE SOUTH AND WEST FRONTS OF INGESTRE: In 1809 Charles Chetwynd, 2nd Earl Talbot, Viceroy of Ireland, demolished the north and west fronts and had them rebuilt in a style more "complementary" to the fine south front.

LOOKING ALONG THE LIBRARY: In this room are three William and Mary chairs in contemporary needlework and a pair of H. and R. Daniel tureens made for the family. The rooms open to the public are those normally used by the family.

THE FINELY-APPOINTED INTERIOR: *Left*—At the foot of the Grand Staircase in the Great Hall is a very rare pair of Charles II chairs. The picture *on the right* shows the Great Hall looking westwards. On the far wall hangs a large eighteenth-century tapestry of the "Conversion of Saint Paul." A part of the house was damaged by fire in 1882, but was carefully restored. Ingestre Hall is open to the public on each Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday and Bank Holiday until October 1.

CLANDON PARK FOR THE NATION

The Surrey Seat of the Earl of Onslow is to Pass to the National Trust

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF ONSLOW, IN SURREY, IS TO BE ACQUIRED BY THE NATION: The west front of Clandon Park, showing the main entrance of the large and imposing red-brick house which was built by Leoni in 1731. The porch was added in 1876. Clandon Park consists of 526 acres and was laid out by "Capability" Brown. Inside the house the Palladio room derives its name from the fact that Leoni designed it in accordance with the scale of perfect proportion conceived by Palladio. George, 1st Earl of Onslow, who was an official of the Royal Household, was responsible for the dining-room or Speaker's parlour.

On left—

LOOKING ACROSS TO THE SOUTH FRONT: This side of the house shows Italian influence. Leoni, the builder, was a Venetian.

THE ENTRANCE HALL OF CLANDON PARK: It is dominated by the magnificent plaster ceiling. Clandon is noted for its fine plastering, but there is no record of the stuccoist used.

A CORNER OF THE SALOON: This room also has a magnificent stucco ceiling. The seventeenth-century tapestries are part of a set of the months and were woven at Mortlake. The carpet is of Aubusson manufacture. In the circular china cabinet is part of a Dresden tea service presented to Charlotte, second wife of Thomas, 2nd Earl of Onslow, by Queen Charlotte.

THE HUNTING-ROOM: It is named after the highly decorative tapestries which adorn the walls. The painting in the mirror, by Daniel Gardner, depicts the 1st Earl playing chess with Lord Fitzwilliam while Lord Pembroke looks on.

On left—

CLANDON'S STATE BEDROOM: The bed and set of chairs were probably made for Sir Richard Onslow, second baronet, at the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. The embroidery for the bed hangings and the upholstery of the chairs are of Italian workmanship. The room has probably the finest of all the Clandon chimney-pieces.

TEST MATCH PROSPECTS

The Australians are Here and the Tests Promise to be Severe and Unyielding Contests

By NEVILLE CARDUS

TEST matches in cricket are nowadays overdone, but with every invasion of our fields by the Australians the old fascination returns. There are still no games quite as great and historical as those between England and Australia, fought with bat, ball, wickets, pads and umpires, as the main weapons or implements. This year the contest is likely to be severe and unyielding; for neither team can show on paper a superiority in skill, character or experience.

English and Australian cricket alike is at the moment going through a transition. Maybe, as the most ancient of all international cricket opponents England and Australia need a blood-transfusion or some sort of adrenal injection, for they each reveal signs of losing respective supremacy to the comparatively young and upcoming South Africa, West Indies, Pakistan and India.

Australia is only now beginning to fill the void in her ranks caused by the retirement of the incredible Bradman, whose performances, his runs and average—nearly 100 an innings—will mercifully not be equalled in the lifetime of most of us. And English cricket resources are temporarily crippled by Hutton's withdrawal from the field of play and by the sad physical disability which all too soon has interrupted the brilliant flight of Compton's career, in full and happy wing.

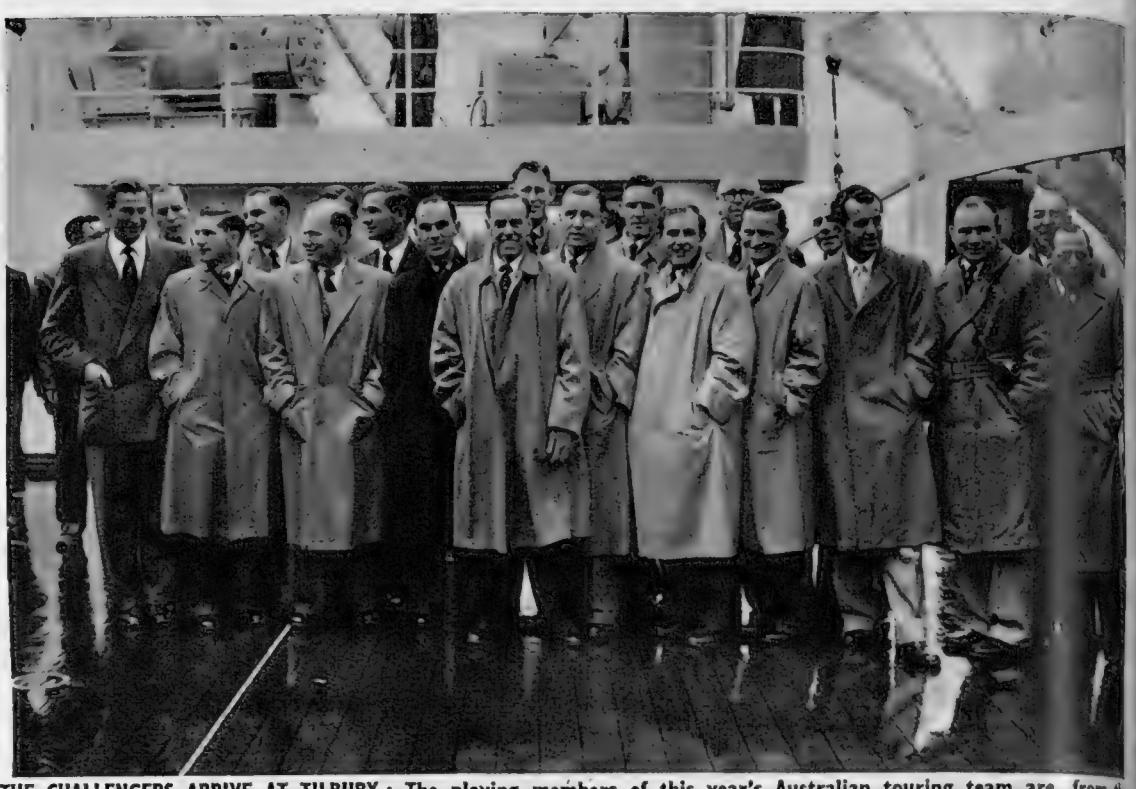
It is ironical that from all contemporary cricketers Compton should have been chosen by fate to become lamed by a faulty knee—Compton, who of all batsmen of the present day, depends on swift, free, adventuresome movements of his legs and feet. A damaged kneecap would not necessarily prove a handicap to many contemporary batsmen; they could, I fancy, play as well, without restriction of their strokes, if they had to use wooden legs.

In the England XI at the moment of writing two posts are vacant, posts not to be occupied, at least not filled, by mere talent. Hutton, the classical master; Compton, the personification at the crease of confident and easy improvisation, with original technique the servant, not the dictator—the game is unable to afford the loss of two such ornaments. We must hope that Compton may yet be restored to cricket and to the summer's various ways of keeping the nation young and cheerful. Australia's store of reliable batsmanship has been reduced by the passing of Hassett and Morris from active cricket, both of them having decided to change from the game as a means of livelihood to the nowadays closely-related professions of literature and journalism.

It would seem, then, that both England and Australia will enter the rubber of 1956 not at all optimistic that, by winning the toss on a good pitch, a total of round about 400 will accrue at the day's end, more or less as inevitably as cause and effect. The Australian captain, I. W. Johnson, has expressed his opinion that he has at his command the strongest array of batsmen chosen to represent Australia since the Bradman–Ponsford–Woodfull–McCabe epoch. He bases this very high opinion on the amount of runs scored during Australia's tour in the West Indies some twelve months ago. But the players who scored them, on heavenly West Indies wickets, were much the same as those who a few weeks earlier had, in Australia, flinched and faltered against the fast bowling of Tyson and Statham.

English turf may not lend to Tyson and Statham this summer the bouncing or accelerating energy which surprisingly came out of Australian wickets at Sydney and Melbourne in the rubber of 1954-55. But unless one or two responsible Australian batsmen have recently completely overhauled their technical catechism and learnt by instinct to keep in a line with Tyson's fastest ball, it is not too fanciful to foresee one or two additional breakdowns in Australian batting. Let it be remembered, Australian batting broke down deplorably and repeatedly in the Test matches of 1953, at Nottingham, Manchester and Kennington Oval; and Tyson was not the "menace" then—as they say in Yorkshire—but Bedser and Lock, Wardle and Laker.

Australia's chances hang heavily on our weather; in a season of bowlers' wickets their position could easily come to resemble that of a condemned man hardly hopeful of reprieve but looking reasonably cheerful in the circumstances. On a wicket that takes spin—and spin as waspish as Lock's—no amount of masterful batting could be expected from cricketers who in their own country seldom play on a "sticky" wicket, because of the custom practised in Australia of covering all wickets in rainy weather. Even in the heyday of the Bradman–Woodfull supremacy, a shower or two of rain in the night humbled the mighty, so that Hedley Verity bowled Australia out at Lord's in 1934, twice in a day almost, on a turf damp rather than vicious; and Bradman, most days triumphant and merciless, was reduced to helplessness and desperation by every flick of Verity's happy, sinuous fingers. Australia's hopes of recovering the Ashes in 1956 must surely rise and fall with the barometer.



THE CHALLENGERS ARRIVE AT TILBURY: The playing members of this year's Australian touring team are, from the left—K. R. Miller (vice-captain); R. G. Archer; R. N. Harvey; P. Burge; G. Langley; R. Benaud (hidden behind); J. Burke; I. D. Craig; I. W. Johnson (captain); P. Crawford (straight behind him); R. R. Lindwall; A. K. Davidson; C. McDonald; and, in the front row, L. Maddocks; K. Mackay; J. Rutherford and J. Wilson. This year, for the first time since 1934, the Australians have come to England as challengers for the Ashes.

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS: I. W. Johnson, the captain of the Australians (on left), and K. R. Miller, the vice-captain (on right), talk with P. B. H. May at a reception at Australia House. It is confidently expected that May will continue to lead England in the Tests. The Australians began the tour with a one-day match at Arundel.

Students of the game who regard with respect the influence of the law of average may think that Australia's luck is about to change favourably, because during the past half-century Australia has not lost three consecutive rubbers. Under Hutton's captaincy, England won the rubbers against Australia in 1953 and 1954-55. But England has since 1899 thrice lost three consecutive rubbers, so perhaps Australia is now due for a similar hat-trick of misfortune. After all, there is a first time for everything! A touring team often has an advantage over a team or teams chosen "at home"; for the simple reason that its members remain more or less the same unchanging company for weeks on end. During the Australian season just ended, Ian Johnson could take satisfaction as he observed his various spare-parts gradually shaping themselves to a nicely-balanced whole.

For example, the following names tell of a quite formidable blend of gifts and physical spring and vitality: McDonald, Burke, Harvey, Miller, Craig, Benaud, Davidson, Archer, Lindwall, Johnson and Langley. From this eleven I leave out three batsmen fresh to England—Rutherford, Mackay and Burge—each of them stolid and defensive on the whole—and a slow left-arm spinner, Wilson, also fast bowler Crawford.

A fascinating and rather sinister thought for a cricketer, contemplating his prospects as a Test match aspirant at the beginning of a tour, is that in every team, whether sent from Australia to England or from England to Australia, there are always one or two failures on the part of gifted players, failures to reproduce earlier and known form. When Australia came here in 1953 the boy Craig disappointed high hopes. He is a batsman of style and skill; he has satisfied some of the finest judges of the game on these points. For all we know, another McCabe, another Kippax, is about to take flight. A thrilling thought indeed!—fame waiting round the corner for youthful ambition or quick oblivion. There is also the position of the player who is beginning for the first time in his life to feel that he is not altogether as young as he used to be. Lindwall and Miller!

For half-a-dozen overs each of these two fast bowlers is perhaps as dangerous as ever before. If I had been, say, Hutton on the tour in Australia in 1954-55, I might have preferred to open an innings, during the first half-hour of it, against Tyson and Statham rather than against Miller and Lindwall. But the younger Statham and Tyson have the energy to sustain great pace for long stretches of time. Lindwall and Miller have reached the stage in life when the sword outwears its sheath . . ." and the heart must pause to breathe."

I imagine that Lindwall and Miller this season will be exploited, as bowlers, mainly for the purposes of

THE FAST BOWLERS WHO FORM AUSTRALIA'S "SHOCK" ATTACK: *Left*—R. R. Lindwall and, right, K. R. Miller. Lindwall is now thirty-four and Miller thirty-six. This season they may be exploited intermittently in bursts of "shock tactics" and in spite of increasing age still be as dangerous to English batsmen as in the past.

A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN BATSMAN OF GREAT PROMISE: I. D. Craig came here in 1953 and his form was disappointing. But now he should fulfil his promise.

ENGLAND'S MASTERS OF SPEED: *Left*—F. R. Tyson, the "Typhoon," is seen in action. *Right*—Brian Statham is his complement in the English fast bowling attack. These two were the main instruments by which England retained the Ashes in Australia. Tyson is the more sensational, but Statham is sometimes the more dangerous.

T. E. BAILEY—"THE ROCK": The Essex all-rounder has often in the past been a rock when the rest of the English team has fallen before tempestuous attacks in Test matches.

"shock tactics." And which two England batsmen will be able to stand firm in the face of certain, sure and deadly, if intermittent, bombardment and fire? Richardson of Worcestershire, Close of Yorkshire? Kenyon (is he worth another trial?) or Graveney? The loss of our rock of Hutton is, at first glance, irremediable.

At the pinch, P. B. H. May might go in first for England, as, once on a time, every schoolboy thought it was the duty of an England cricket captain to do so—to go in first, like "W.G.," A. C. MacLaren, "Plum" Warner. There is always the chance that if Peter May does not go in first strictly according to the written order, he will sometimes find himself "there," at the wicket, in the presence of the affable Lindwall, in such quick time as makes no difference. No soothsayer at the moment would dare to name the England XI likely to take the field in the summer's first Test match: Richardson, May, Cowdrey, Graveney, Watson, Bailey (thank heaven for Bailey!), Evans, Tyson, Appleyard, Lock and Statham? The batting has a precarious aspect, but the attack on paper is resourceful and varied enough.

So much for possibilities and prospects referring to form and matters competitive and technical. There is another point for every cricketer's consideration to-day, and for the consideration of the crowds which make the atmosphere and environment in which a cricketer lives and finds his element. Recently the air and flavours surrounding Test cricket have not been exactly genial or salubrious. I do not refer to sporadic displays of temper or temperament on the part of one or two individuals. It is the general mental approach to Test matches which seems at the moment in some need of amendment.

Too frequently in the last few years players have gone into Test matches apparently intent first of all on securing their teams against defeat, leaving victory to come less by enterprise of their own than by some error on the opponents' part, or by some favourable change of the wind of luck to their quarter. We have as spectators been obliged to suffer boredom in Test matches while some individual has enriched his statistical achievements, or broken somebody's "record." If a batsman of personal genius has shown ability to hit with brilliance to the offside, bowlers have at once decided to cramp his style by pitching a safe length on his leg stump, the idea being not so much to get him out as to "keep him quiet." Defensive bowling is poor sport at the beginning of a match, or at any other period—except when the batting side on the closing day of a match has time in hand in which to score runs enough for victory, *but the fielding side has not time enough in which to take the number of wickets needed to win.*

England and Australia this season will be led into the field by two captains neither of whom belongs to the ca'canny school. It is to be hoped that they will both insist that the game be honoured before the prize, and that the art and style of cricket, and the free play of thrust and counter-thrust, will not be hurt or stifled by negative tactics. The score-board should never be able to tell us *everything* about a great cricket match; but the truth is that too frequently of late summers play in Test matches would have appeared meaningless and featureless if the score-board had been removed from the premises.

It is as well to keep in mind, too, that even a rubber between England and Australia does not, or should not, exhaust the interest and allurements of a cricket season. There are the counties, the ordinary match down at Taunton, Leicester, Worcester, Maidstone, Southampton, Brighton, Northampton, Cardiff, Chesterfield, Clacton-on-Sea, Bristol, Edgbaston, places where the rural or urban scene is seldom, if ever, set for a Test match. Last summer there was a refreshing revival of adventure in everyday county cricket; in fact, the scramble for points on a third day sometimes hinted of excess of competitive zeal.

It was a fault on the right side. A Test match should represent normal everyday cricket at its best—in apotheosis, so to say. The spirit should remain true; only the skill on view should change, and change for the better. A Test match cricketer worth his salt ought to answer the challenge of a Test match not by playing at his most timid and worst, but at his bravest, damnedest and best.

AN APRIL HARVEST: A group of pickers at work gathering the daffodil crop on a farm at Appledore, in Kent, ready for Covent Garden Market. The daffodil fields were a carpet of colour as the spring flowers reached bloom. The cold wave which caused so much widespread damage to the early shoots on the Continent during January and February did not have such a disastrous effect on the southern counties of England. The loss of spring flowers in the South of France has been heavy.

GARDENS OF ENGLAND

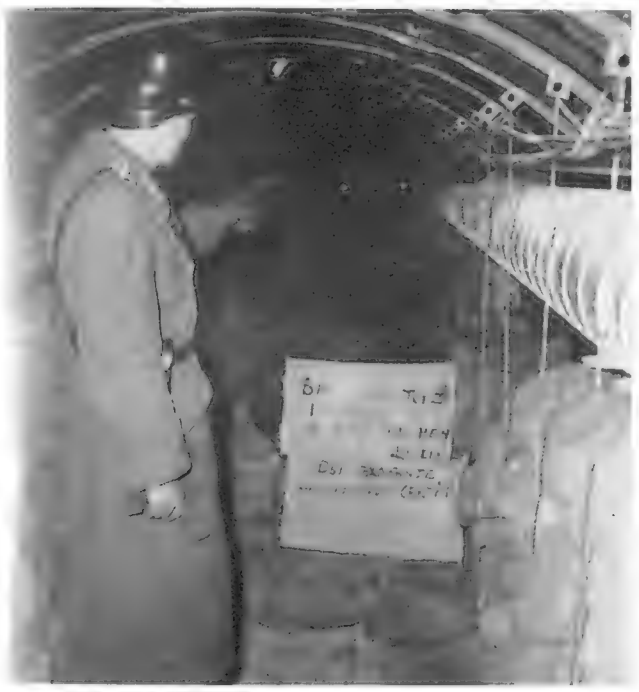
Spring-time Daffodils in Kent and Out-of-Season Chrysanthemums in Sussex

CHRYSANTHEMUMS ALL THE YEAR ROUND: Cuttings are protected from draught and strong sunshine by muslin shades in a glass-house at Smuggler's Farm, Angmering, Sussex. The speciality at this farm is the growing of winter chrysanthemums during all twelve months of the year. Just before Easter the first out-of-season blooms were sent to Covent Garden and returns were well up to Christmas level, which is the usual peak period for the flower. 5,000 first-class blooms are now sent to market each week and will continue to be sent all the year round. *On right*—A hot-house of chrysanthemums in various stages of growth. There are 5,000 plants in each bed, one bed becoming ready for cutting each week. From the time it is planted, a bed takes about fourteen to fifteen weeks to reach the cutting stage. Some twenty-five varieties are grown, and the flowers last well when cut.

"SPY TUNNEL" INTO THE RUSSIAN ZONE

The Soviet Authorities in East Berlin Have Accused the United States of "Tapping" Russian and East German Cables

The acting Soviet Commandant in East Berlin has claimed that the discovery of a tunnel linking the Russian with the United States Zone is evidence that the American authorities had been tapping Russian and East German cables. The day following the Press Conference at which this discovery was revealed, the first Russian Press Conference for Western journalists since 1948, the Soviet Military Command conducted a tour of the tunnel. It was stated that the existence of this concrete-lined underground passage was revealed for the first time by Russian Army engineers. It leads for 350 yards from a cable junction in East Berlin to a temporary barrier approximately under the zone boundary and a United States Army post. At this point it rises steeply towards the surface. In a short section at the Russian Zone end of the tunnel a complete telephone switchboard of British manufacture has been installed. Fluorescent lighting, fire extinguishers, and other apparatus in this part of the passage all bear British trademarks. Up to now the Russian authorities have not accused the British Command of complicity and maintain that the work is American. According to the Soviet authorities the tunnel is equipped with a monitoring centre, nine amplifiers, a tape recorder and several measuring instruments.



THE TUNNEL OPEN TO THE PRESS: *Above*—Following a Press Conference at which the acting Soviet Commandant of Berlin, Colonel Kotsiuba, accused the United States of tapping underground cables in East Berlin, the Press of several nations were taken on a tour of a recently unearthed tunnel on the edge of the Russian Zone. It is claimed that the tunnel ends in the United States Army Post across the sector boundary, in the far background. *On left*—An East Berlin policeman inside the tunnel points out a crude cardboard sign reading in German and Russian, "You are now entering the American Zone." *On right*—The acting Russian Military Commandant in Berlin (with his hand on chest) shows journalists the spot where Soviet and East German cables were tapped. One of the cables which were tapped was used exclusively by the Russian Army.

THE SECRET MONITOR UNDERGROUND: Rows of amplifiers line the walls of the 350-yard-long tunnel. This section is near the East Berlin end of the passage where a complete switchboard is housed. The tunnel is equipped with wire-tapping devices and amplifiers. Much of this equipment is of British manufacture.

EXAMINING THE "EVIDENCE": An officer of the Russian Signal Corps examines the switchboard. The Soviet authorities claim that it was used to relay the tapped phone messages.

HER FINAL BERTH: The 27,469-ton liner lies alongside a shipbreaker's wharf in the Gareloch off the Firth of Clyde. Twenty-five years of distinguished sailing history, mainly on the Atlantic routes, are over.

THE DEATH OF THE "GEORGIC"

The Old Atlantic Liner Lies in a Shipbreaker's Yard Near the Firth of Clyde

On June 25, 1932, the 27,469-ton liner *Georgic* set out on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York. Despite the fact that the outward passage was made in rough weather she berthed in New York twelve hours ahead of schedule. This auspicious beginning was to mark the start of twenty-five years of peace and wartime sailing. Launched with two 10,000-h.p. Harland and Wolff oil engines of four-stroke double acting design, each engine being of ten cylinders, the *Georgic* was the largest of Britain's motor vessels and the liner with the greatest individual engine power in the world marine service. In the war she served as a troopship at the evacuations of Norway and France and also served in the Mediterranean.

DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS: The cut-away base of the main mast lies up-ended on the deck. In the background is the *Georgic's* funnel, with its casing half removed. The vessel now bears little resemblance to the "floating ballroom" of the 1930's.

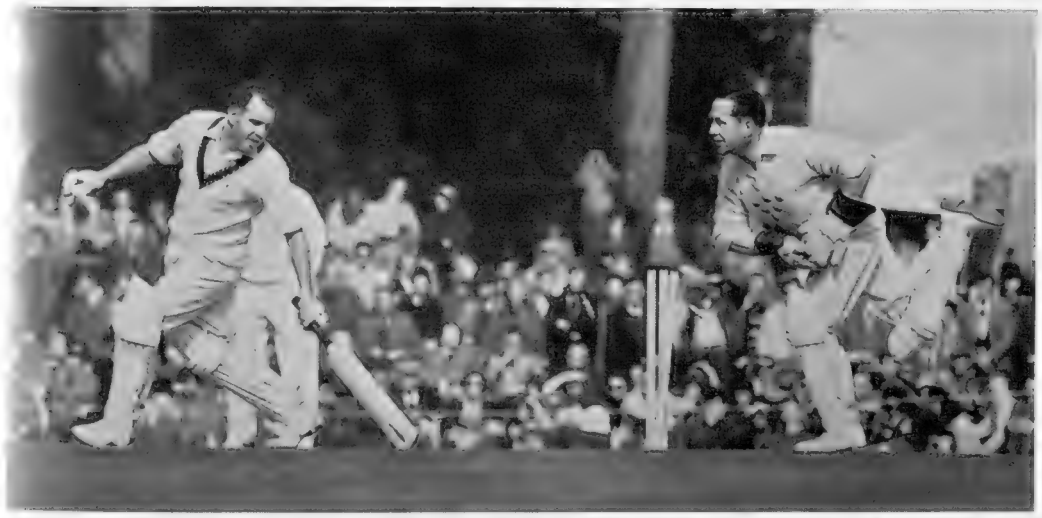
AWAY SHE GOES: The main mast begins to fall backwards after its steel cylindrical base has been cut away. In the year of her launching, 1931, the *Georgic's* two 10,000-h.p. ten-cylinder oil engines made her the largest motor vessel of Britain's passenger fleet.

THE FALLEN GIANT: The works manager of the shipbreaker's yard, Mr. A. P. Hyde, admires the handiwork of his men as the fallen main mast lies astride the deck. Four coats of paint on the mast, her first to her last, tell the story of the *Georgic's* history.

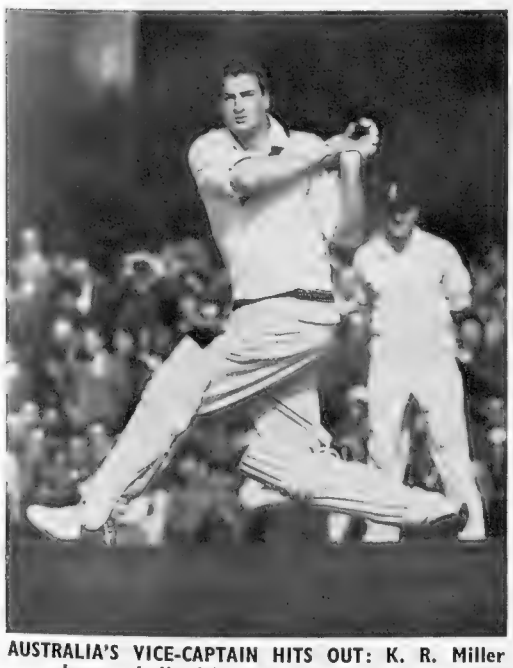
PERFECT SETTING FOR THE START OF THE AUSTRALIANS' TOUR: Play is in progress on the magnificent ground at Arundel Castle, in Sussex, in the one-day match between the Australians and the Duke of Norfolk's XI. The tourists are in the field. Some 12,000 spectators gathered round the ground fringed with beech, cedar and chestnut trees. In the left background, through an artificially created break in the trees, can be seen a distant view of the downs. Although the sun shone all day, the weather was chilly, with a north-east wind. This—and lack of practice—undoubtedly affected the form of some of the players, but it did not detract from the highly enjoyable informality of the occasion. The Duke's XI, under the captaincy of the Rev. D. S. Sheppard, batted first. After five balls there was a sensation, Hutton being bowled for a duck. But Sheppard made 51 and Marshall contributed 48. The XI were all out for 188. Australia started badly, losing five for 38. Then Craig (47) and Archer (45) came together and Australia won by three wickets.

AUSTRALIANS AT ARUNDEL CASTLE

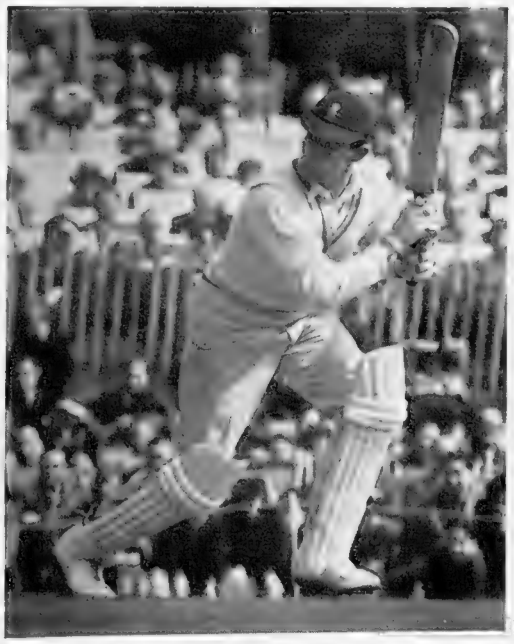
The Visiting Cricketers Open their Season Against the Duke of Norfolk's XI



AUSTRALIA'S NO. 1 IS STUMPED: C. McDonald is lured out of his crease by a ball from Wright, and Griffith, the wicketkeeper of the Duke of Norfolk's XI, whips off the bails. McDonald made 19. His opening partner in the one-day match at Arundel, J. Rutherford, fell to Bedser after scoring one run.



AUSTRALIA'S VICE-CAPTAIN HITS OUT: K. R. Miller slams a ball with all his familiar power. But he was soon bowled by Marlar for four runs.



TOP SCORER OF THE MATCH: The Rev. D. S. Sheppard, captain of the Duke of Norfolk's XI, makes one of his many elegant strokes in his score of 51.

THE AUSTRALIAN CAPTAIN AND THE HOST: I. W. Johnson shakes hands with the Duke of Norfolk, who expressed his pleasure at the Australians opening their tour at Arundel.

Shows in London

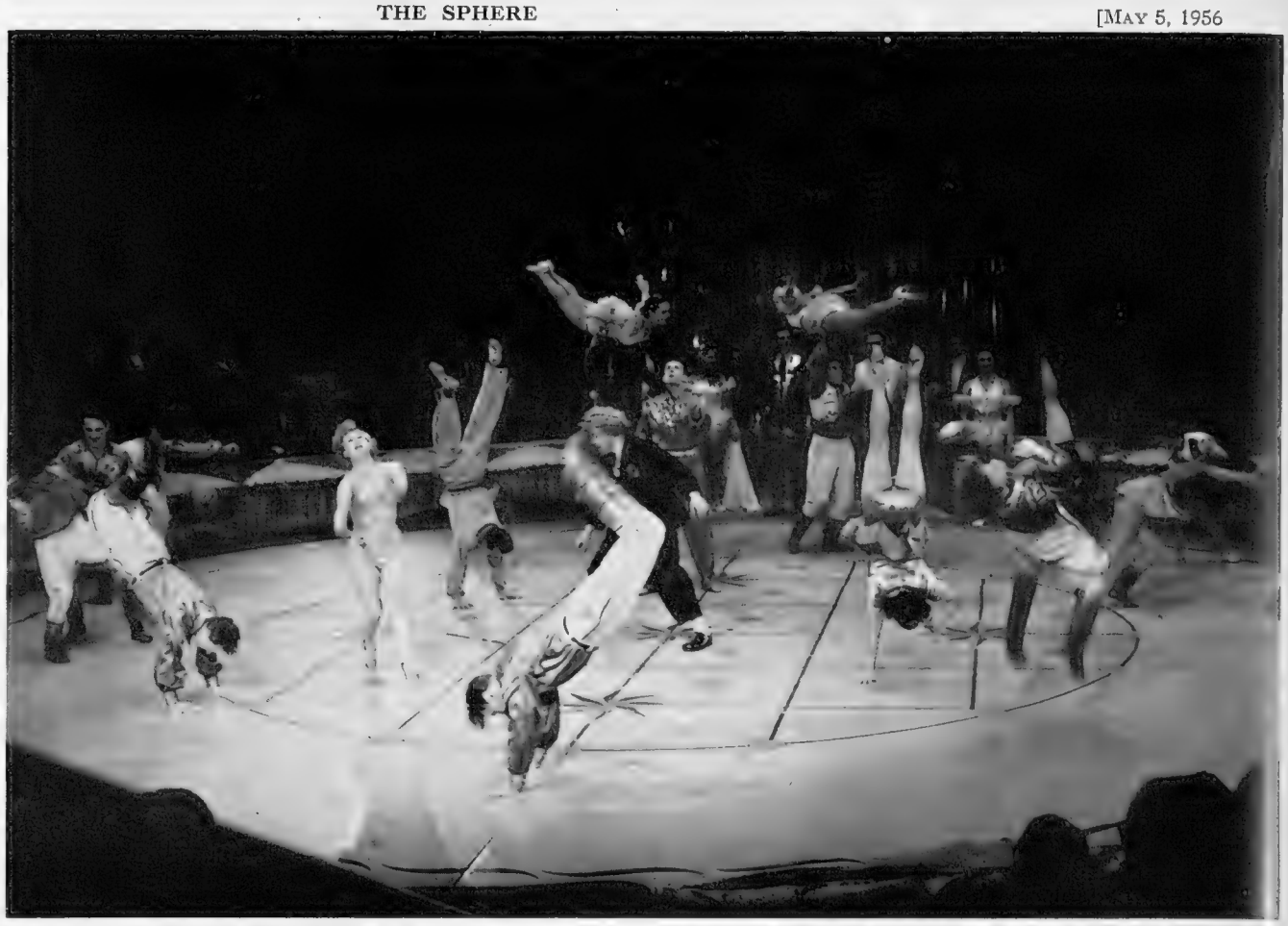
Circus and Ballet

A Troupe from Moscow; and a Ballet by Simenon

On Whit Monday, May 21, the Moscow State Circus starts its performances at the Harringay Arena, in North London. It is being presented by Tom Arnold, with Francis Gentle and the British-Soviet Friendship Society.

Those who have seen the Soviet film *Big Top* will be interested in comparing a "live" Soviet circus with its form on the motion picture. According to reports from Paris, where the Moscow State Circus appeared for ten days last month, there seems to be little special or unusual about the Marxist approach to clowning and the accessory acts which go with it. Oleg Popov, the twenty-five-year-old chief clown from the Soviet capital, can certainly hold his own against colleagues in his profession from other countries. He is not original, but he has a wide range of conventional—and extremely amusing—antics, which he supports with tight-rope walking.

Acrobats are prominent in the programme. Most suitably from Russia, the leading animal performers are bears. The big brown animals, in frilly frocks, race round on bicycles and motor cycles.



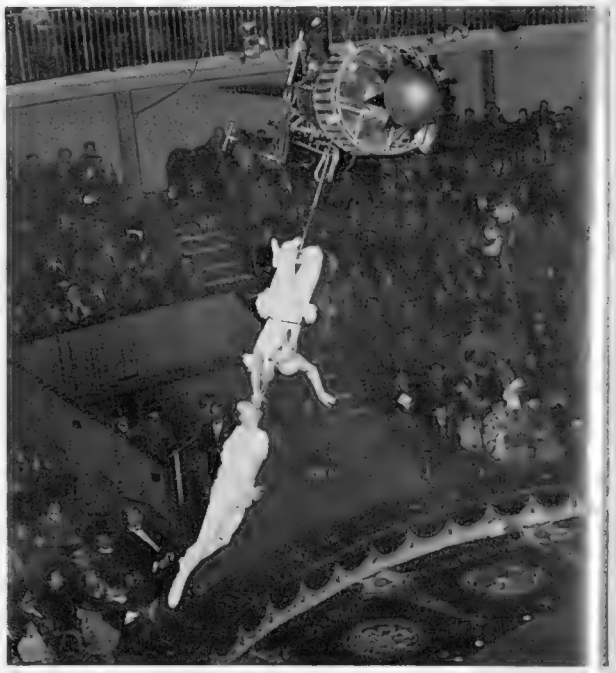
THE MOSCOW STATE CIRCUS: Some of the members of the troupe are gathered in an ensemble in the ring. The circus opens in the Harringay Arena, London, on Whit Monday.

On left—

THE CHIEF CLOWN IS THE STAR TURN: Oleg Popov, in the centre, comes to London with an international reputation. His "business" includes miming, juggling and walking on the tight-rope.

On right—

THRILLS IN THE AIR: Helene Sinkovska and Victor Lisin are carried at speed as they swing beneath a "guided missile." The Moscow State Circus also has a large troupe of performing bears, who ride bicycles and motor cycles.



On right—

A SENSATIONAL BALLET OF CRIME: Buzz Miller and Veronika Mlakar dance in *La Chambre*. This ballet is having its London première when Les Ballets de Paris de Roland Petit begin their four-week season on Tuesday next (May 8) at the Palace Theatre. The story of the ballet is by the famous detective writer, Georges Simenon, music is by Georges Auric, décor by Bernard Buffet and choreography by Roland Petit. The scene is a mean attic room, the type of room which will be expected by Simenon fans. A murder is committed. Buzz Miller dances a remarkable parody of a detective at work. Much of his action is concerned with a sensual woman, danced by Veronika Mlakar. Finally the detective himself is stabbed to death. At each performance the company from Paris will present four ballets: *La Chambre*; *Les Belles Damnées*, with Violette Verdy and Buzz Miller, which is also having its London première; *Carmen*, with Renée Jeanmaire and Roland Petit, and *Le Loup*.

LEADING DANCERS FROM YUGOSLAVIA AND AMERICA: Veronika Mlakar, aged twenty from Yugoslavia, and Buzz Miller, an American, are principals in the Simenon ballet, *La Chambre*, at the Palace Theatre.

A DISASTROUS MILLE MIGLIA

Seven Killed and Fourteen Injured in the Worst Race Disaster Since Last Year's Le Mans

THE WINNER OF THE 1956 MILLE MIGLIA PASSES PESCHIERA IN HIS FERRARI: Eugenio Castellotti completed the course in just over 11½ hours at an average speed of 85.4 m.p.h. The sport was marred by a number of accidents in which two drivers and five spectators were killed.

L. MUSSO DRIVES ANOTHER FERRARI INTO THIRD PLACE: Ferrari took the first five places, followed by a Mercedes, which came sixth. The race was held in poor road conditions and with heavy rain and high winds. The winner's speed was 12 m.p.h. slower than the record set up last year by Stirling Moss. Near Ravenna, Badarano in an Alfa Romeo crashed and his co-driver, Max Berney, was killed. Another co-driver, Wolfgang Piwko, was killed when Busch's Porsche went off the road near Ancona. Between Lonato and Desenzano, Giacobbi's Alfa Romeo crashed into the crowd, killing two spectators and injuring five more. The race was the most disastrous since last year's tragic Le Mans when eighty-two people were killed. Ferrari scored an impressive victory. Peter Collins was second; Musso, third; Fangio, fourth; and Gendebien, fifth. Sheila van Damm, driving a Sunbeam Rapier, and Nancy Mitchell in an M.G., finished well in their sports car classes.

GIACOBBI'S ALFA ROMEO AFTER THE CRASH NEAR DESENZANO: This was the car which crashed into the spectators only 20 miles away from the start. Two were killed and five injured. Three more spectators and two drivers were killed in this tragic race on slippery roads.

TWO MORE ACCIDENTS NEAR DESENZANO: *On left* is Guzler's Mercedes; *on right*, Stempert's Panhard, which overturned several times before coming to rest. Besides the two drivers killed, six were injured, among them two British entrants. John Heath's H.W.M. went off the road near Ravenna at Gloria di Mezzano. He sustained broken ribs and severe shock. Leslie Brooks skidded and his Austin Healey fell 20 ft. into a gully, but neither he nor his co-driver was badly hurt.

BUDGET RELIEF AND DISAPPOINTMENT

How the Budget Affected the World of Motoring; Limiting the Top Speed; a New-Style Snipe; More About Roads and Parking; Ergonomics; and Other Motoring News

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE Chancellor's Budget statement produced both relief and disappointment in the motoring world; relief that purchase tax was not further increased and disappointment that petrol tax, which has stood at 2s. 6d. a gallon since 1952, has not been reduced.

The Standing Joint Committee of the R.A.C. and A.A. made the comment that many would deplore the fact that the Chancellor had not reduced the cost of living by cutting the fuel tax. "The high duty on petrol," it stated, "is everywhere reflected in high transport charges and high prices."

Dr. Llewellyn Smith, Rolls-Royce chief and president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, expressed "bitter disappointment" that car builders had received no encouragement from the Government in the form of a relaxation of its financial policy. Credit restrictions, purchase tax, fuel tax and the high level of general taxation were a constant hindrance to the industry's progress, he said.

The only other feature of the Budget of specific motoring interest was Mr. Macmillan's statement that he intends to plug the "shooting brake" purchase-tax loophole. He was apparently referring to the conversion of vans into utility-type vehicles by putting windows in the side.

Purchase tax is payable at the full rate of 60 per cent. on shooting-brakes. For vans it amounts to 30 per cent. of the cost of the chassis.

The British motor industry was naturally very indignant at the suggestion they should voluntarily limit the top speed of their cars. This silly idea was put forward by the sub-committee of the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee set up to study the operation of the speed limit in the London area.

Their long report contains interesting comments on many aspects of road safety. It might have been better had they confined themselves to the point at issue. Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, is in danger of getting mental indigestion if he studies this report at all closely (assuming he can spare the time to do so after putting British air transport in order).

The sub-committee spoke of the increasing number of 100 m.p.h. cars coming on to the roads of Britain and said, pontifically: "The average driver is not competent to control a car safely at such speeds, which demand very quick reactions, especially in the driving conditions to be expected on most existing roads in this country."

I am glad they had the decency to work in that last bit. Surely the provision of modern roads is the true line of approach to this aspect of road safety rather than by handicapping British cars out of the export markets by imposing an artificial speed limitation. The fact of the matter is that most 100 m.p.h. cars are safer to drive than slower, cheaper models. Their brakes, suspension, steering and general roadworthiness are usually much more highly developed than those of the medium-priced family saloon. I agree, though, that some drivers should not be trusted with high-powered cars.

The motoring organisations are sometimes criticised for adopting an attitude of blind opposition to any new motoring restriction. And I must admit they often give the impression that every motorist wears a bright halo as he weaves in and out of the traffic on Britain's congested roads.

So it was refreshing the other day to hear them come out with some practical counter-proposals to the Transport Minister's parking plans for Central London, instead of simply saying that Mr. Watkinson's ideas were scandalous and an unwarranted interference with the liberty of the subject.

After predicting utter failure for the Minister's attempt "to scare away the motorist from London by once again raiding his pocket" a spokesman said a better way to ease London's traffic paralysis was to provide off-street parking facilities not only on street level but above and below ground; to make Government grants available to help local authorities finance off-street parking accommodation; and to see that all new buildings contained *some* off-street parking facilities.

Short-term parking, say the A.A. and R.A.C., should be allowed wherever it does not interfere with the traffic flow. Modern highways should be built into and through important towns—and they should be free from crossing traffic. There should be ring roads round congested areas and tunnels and bridges at busy intersections. Bolder use ought to be made of the one-way traffic principle and there should be experiments with "tidal traffic flow" during the morning and evening peak rush hours.

So the Humber Super Snipe becomes Britain's lowest-priced car with self-changing gears. Price of the standard Snipe has been cut by more than £200; and for £187 10s. extra, including tax, you can have a Borg-Warner automatic gear-box fitted. (Total price, including tax, £1,613 17s.)

Sir William Rootes used a Borg-Warner box on his own Snipe for more than twelve months before he decided to make this new-style Snipe available.

If you prefer a synchromesh box (or can't afford the automatic type) the Laycock-de Normanville overdrive is still available on the Snipe—for £67 10s. Another attractive "extra" is also offered to Snipe buyers: a new type of bucket seat for driver and passenger. The squab has a wide angle of adjustment; so wide that the back can be put down to an almost horizontal position. Just the thing for a sleepy passenger on a long, uninteresting journey! The price of this luxury is £30, including tax.

Vauxhall Motors have just given the answer to those who ask: "Will the big car firms go ahead with their expansion plans in view of the setback the industry has suffered?"

Vauxhalls state that their £36,000,000 expansion scheme will be finished in 1958—a year ahead of schedule. The Luton firm, controlled by the vast General Motors organisation, set up new records during 1955 for production, exports, home sales and turnover. Production of cars and trucks totalled 143,567 vehicles, or 610 every working day (compared with 577 a day in 1954).

There is good news of one big scheme to improve the traffic flow in the London area. The Transport Minister has placed a £6,000,000 contract with a London firm for cutting the projected road tunnel under the Thames between Dartford (Kent) and Purfleet (Essex).

It will be a two-lane tunnel which, together with its approach roads, will form a north-south traffic link 3½ miles long between the London–Tilbury road (A.126) and the London–Rochester road (A.2). The tunnel will cost £10,000,000 in all and is scheduled to be ready in five years.

Some interesting—and perhaps alarming—things were said at Bristol the other day about alcoholic drink and its effects on motorists. At a conference of the Ergonomics Research Society, Professor George Drew announced the results of an extensive investigation of the subject. Ergonomics is the study of man in relation to the machines he operates. The inquiry on which Professor Drew reported was sponsored by the Medical Research Council. It has been going on for two years.

Forty drivers, including five women, have voluntarily co-operated in experiments carried out in connection with these medical researches. None is a teetotaller. At various times they were given different "doses" of alcohol to test its effect on their driving. These doses, of varying strength, were disguised by other liquids of distinctive flavour, so that the motoring "guinea-pigs" could not tell how much alcohol they were taking.

A NEW HIGHWAY IN KANSAS: This four-lane highway near Lawrence, Kansas, is part of a three-mile stretch which is the nearest completed section of the 236-mile-long Kansas Turnpike. Other sections have only one of the 24-ft. roadway paved, but work is being speeded to complete the new highway by next October

They were given a "car" to drive. It remained stationary, but simulated movement on the open road. This was partly achieved by means of a film which projected on to a screen in front of the "car," gave the impression that the car was moving at speeds of up to 70 miles an hour.

Professor Drew said he found that even a pint of beer or one small whisky interfered with a driver's ability to steer. Many of the drivers were decidedly "wobbly" in their steering when the strength of the alcohol in their blood was only half the amount which police doctors regard as "intoxicating." Most men, said the Professor, found it harder to control the throttle pedal sensitively when they had taken one or two drinks. Consequently, their speed fluctuated more than when they were quite sober.

Women reacted differently. Cautious women drivers became even more careful after a couple of drinks—careful to an exaggerated extent. It could make them a nuisance on the road.

Down in the lovely old Hampshire village of Beaulieu the other Sunday ghosts took charge of the rustic scene; ghosts of ancient cars and motor-cycles driven by famous motorists and motor-cyclists. They formed a parade to celebrate the creation of a new and bigger automobile museum in Beaulieu Abbey. More old cars have been added to a car museum which has already attracted many thousands of people to this quiet backwater; and there is now a motor-cycle section—the world's first.

The museum has been established by Lord Montagu in memory of his father, who was one of Britain's great transport pioneers.

THE NEWLY-ENLARGED MOTOR-CAR MUSEUM AT BEAULIEU ABBEY, HAMPSHIRE: Lord Brabazon of Tara, driving a 1908 Austin racer, leads a procession of veteran cars before opening the newly-enlarged car museum. At the same time, Geoff. Duke opened the world's first motor-cycle museum, which is also housed on the same estate.

ON SHOW TO THE ITALIAN PUBLIC: This Austin model of the British Motor Corporation, displayed at an unusual angle, was one of the English exhibits at the 38th Turin Motor Show.

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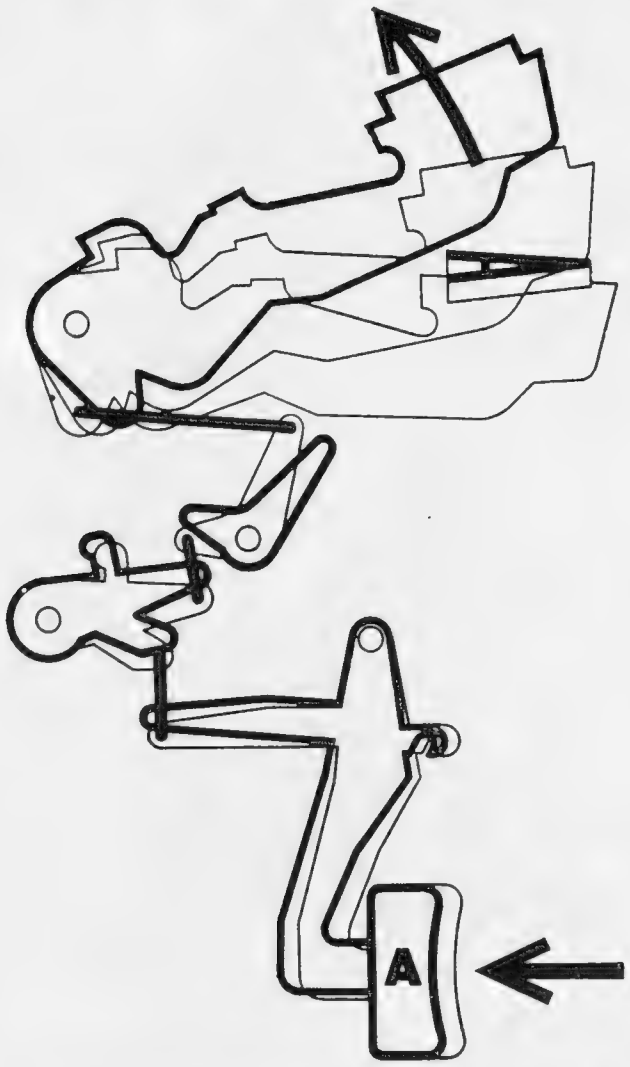

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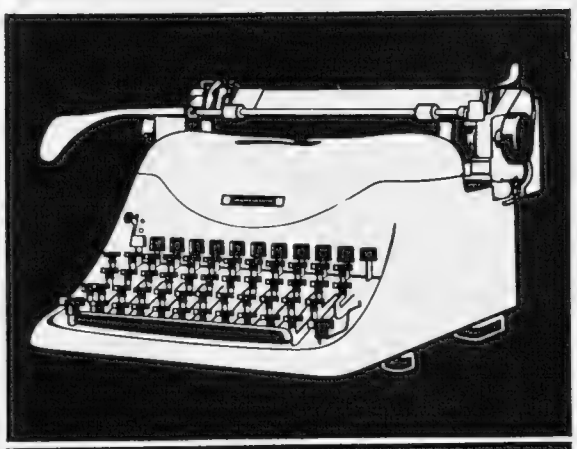

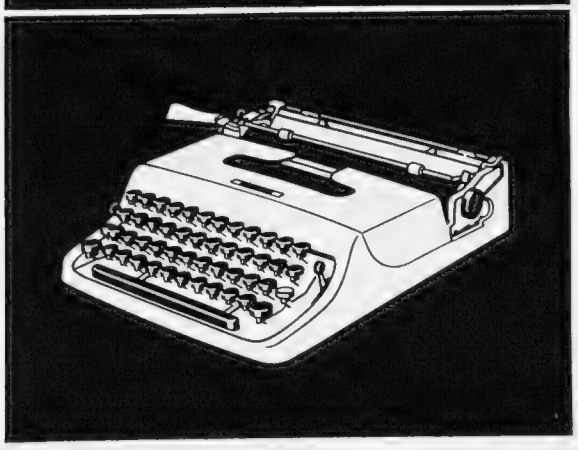

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A WOMAN OF GREAT BRILLIANCE

Beatrice Webb's Diaries ; A Soldier-Author in the Nineteenth Century ; Our First Prime Minister ; A Splendid Variety of Fiction

"CHARMING, no : able but not charming." Such was John Morley's dictum on Beatrice Webb, for whom the word "able" is surely the mildest of understatements. Whatever one's political tendencies, it would be difficult to deny to Mrs. Webb the title of one of the most brilliant intellects among the women of our century. As a profound and, in her time, revolutionary thinker, as a writer, as a political hostess and a political influence, her position was unique and remains so. Her diaries, full and revealing as they are, give an admirable picture of the woman as well as the inspired Socialist, and make unforgettable reading.

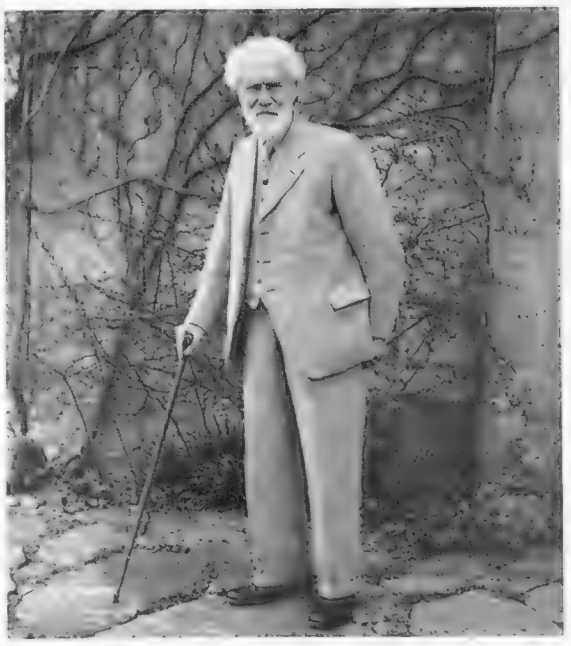
Personal journals are apt to be candid, but BEATRICE WEBB'S DIARIES 1924–1932 (Longmans. 25s.) are something more than that, for they contain highly detailed character sketches of most of the Labour Party personalities Mrs. Webb had dealings with, as well as comments—anywhere between the astute and the acid—on such old friends as Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. Of the latter she writes at one point : "I was glad to see the genial old sinner—a *revenant* from the middle period of our life when we were all pals together." Of her husband, Sydney Webb, of his ability as well as his popularity, and of their affectionate relationship Mrs. Webb writes most tenderly. Of her colleagues ; of the opponents of her policies ; of the English aristocracy or of members of the Labour Cabinet in 1924, she writes instead with razor-sharp perception and not without humour. For someone who confessed—in these pages—that she could not "like people," Beatrice Webb's judgments could be surprisingly fair and it is fascinating to see how many of the prognostics on the political futures of the men she knew were absolutely correct.

Different times, different ways, and it would certainly be difficult to imagine any age or any customs more different or more contrasted with those in the last book than the journals of General Sir George Bell, who served through the Peninsular and Crimean Wars, saw garrison duty in Canada in the 1830's and, on retirement, published his *Rough Notes of an Old Soldier*. From it the best passages have now been arranged and edited by his kinsman, Mr. Brian Stuart, to form a magnificent story of courage, SOLDIER'S GLORY (Bell. 21s.). George Bell was sixteen and still at public school when he was gazetted as ensign in one of George III's regiments and left his native Ireland for a brief sojourn at a depot in Yorkshire before embarking for Portugal, where, in spite of behaving "like a very imprudent young spoon," he soon gave a good account of himself, and went through campaign after campaign not only with a brave heart but, just as valuable from the reader's point of view, with a widely observant eye and a very lively pen. Wonderful reading, through all its 300-odd pages.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE : THE MAKING OF A STATESMAN (Cresset Press. 30s.), is Dr. J. H. Plumb's most scholarly and most authoritative volume on the rise of this Norfolk squire who, from extremely moderate circumstances, became our first Prime Minister. Politically powerful and personally rich, he survived the scandal and disaster of the South Sea Bubble scheme and emerged stronger than ever. "He had achieved the power he sought," writes Dr. Plumb. "It remains to be seen how he used it," and in that, we may hope, lies the promise of a succeeding volume.

You don't have to be a Scot born and bred to appreciate the poetry of Burns, so the scholars tell us, but I have always thought that it would help to have a knowledge of the "Scottish Dialect" in which the 1786 edition of his poems was published. THE RUSSET COAT (Robert Hale. 21s.) is a critical study of Burns' poetry and of its background by Miss Christina Keith.

The subject of the next book is a scandal of the '70's in the United States : the violent, highly coloured and even more highly publicised affair of Henry Ward Beecher, whose sister wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and who was himself a highly-paid and much adulated preacher in the then fashionable district of Brooklyn. His congregations were the biggest for miles around, the ladies loved him, and he, as it was to be shown, loved the ladies. FREE LOVE AND HEAVENLY SINNERS (Andre Deutsch. 15s.) has all the material for a lusty book about a long-lived scandal, but even as a period piece it is not altogether effective, and either Mr. Robert Shaplen's restrained writing has toned it all down or changing values now make it appear that the wholesale lying of witnesses and participants was the most scandalous thing about it all.



A NINETY-YEAR-OLD AUTHOR : J. W. Robertson Scott, C.H., who celebrated his ninetieth birthday last month, stands outside his home in the Cotswolds. A new book, "We" *and* Me, by this eminent writer and founder and first editor of *The Countryman*, is shortly being published by Messrs. W. H. Allen.

This year the *Manchester Guardian* celebrates its centenary as a *daily* newspaper. Mr. Ivor Brown, who introduces the fourth selection of articles from its pages, chosen from the issues of 1954-55, writes of the "usual vivacity" of the *Guardian* writers and expresses the opinion that there is no separation between journalism and literature. Mr. Neville Cardus on British Opera or on Cricket, Sir Muirhead Bone and Professor D. W. Brogan are only three of the lights who illuminate this volume ; there are also admirable and anonymous leading articles and poems and pieces on subjects as varied as luminous collars for dogs, the Apocalypse of Bertrand Russell and, memorably, a reprint of an article by C. P. Scott on newspaper ideals. THE BEDSIDE GUARDIAN—IV (Collins. 12s. 6d.) could scarcely be better value for money

And now for the novels which are healthily many and splendidly various. Hermione Hannen writes of a group of English and American friends waiting in a small castle above the sea (rather like the *castello* at Portofino, I thought) for the 1939 declaration of war, and for the Italian who will come with a boat to rescue them. THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD APART (Cassell. 15s.) is told in a series of flashes back and forwards, which are skilfully managed and show the relationship and the imminent friendships and loves of all the children growing to maturity, but which still bring the reader up with something of a jolt from time to time. Nevertheless it is readable.

Mr. Jon Manchip White also writes, in a different and more down-to-earth manner, of romance across the seas. An American girl who has a love for England and the traditional falls unwillingly in love with an Englishman who cares only for racing cars. THE GIRL FROM INDIANA (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) has one or two odd slips—I don't like a reference to a "tasteful portico," for instance—but it has many more good things and some superb descriptions of the excitement of motor-racing.

Mr. Ernest Raymond has written another of his warm and satisfying London novels, with a pub in Balham High Road, its licensee and his family as the central points of focus, and although the plot is concerned with a son who becomes a traitor during the war and broadcasts for the Germans, it is, nevertheless, a story of Londoners in their reactions, their humour and their tenacious grip on life. THE LORD OF WENSLEY (Cassell. 15s.) is yet another reminder that a writer may be as established and as prolific as Mr. Raymond and still have such a fresh narrative power that every novel is like a discovery.

MORE LAUGHTER FOR SAM (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is a first novel by Mrs. Mary Rickwood, who was a winner of the *Sunday Times* short-story competition, and who writes with a quiet, cool grace that seems neither derivative nor constrained. Her story is of a marriage and a child, the emphasis being on the curious, withdrawn life of the wife. Not particularly facile reading, but worth the small effor

Mr. Edward Grierson has written of law courts of a conception of justice in THE SECOND M. (Chatto and Windus. 13s. 6d.), a novel in which the balance of interest is held not between the law and the guilty, but between a woman barrister, with her first important brief in a murder case, and the entrenched traditions of the men barristers. Interesting, informed and an authentic glimpse of a large unfamiliar world.

The next two novels are American and also have in common a certain liberality of sentiment. ONE HALF SO PRECIOUS (Peter Davies. 13s. 6d.) is a story of the Prohibition era, as lived in Minnesota by a devoted family whose dentist father becomes a bootlegger, but retains the love of his wife and six children. Kate Farness tells a story well and knows how to drive a moral home with conviction, and the same might, in some degree, be said of Miss Lois Grace Erdman, whose novel, THE FAR JOURNEY (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), is a tale of Missouri and Texas, and bounces along as cheerily as a buckboard.

FEAR IS THE SAME (Heinemann. 15s.) is a thriller with a difference by Mr. Carter Dickson who is, I suppose, one of the most ingenious practitioners of this craft. He has now written a story which takes place on two levels of time and is very exciting indeed, with the greater part of the action taking place at the close of the eighteenth century and a nice sense of period being displayed by the author.

PEERS AT THE HELM

The Remarkable Survival of the House of Lords

There used to be an often ventilated and widely accepted theory that the House of Lords had long outlived its usefulness. But their lordships have shown no great willingness to lie down, and sometimes in debate, when tackling a knotty little problem like the Imperial Institute, they have shown a happy knack of pointing to useful alternative courses. The truth is that the House of Lords does valuable work, and in this so-called Upper Chamber legislation is even initiated and detailed discussion across party barriers is able to take place. In THE STORY OF THE PEERAGE (Blackwood. 25s.), L. G. Pine, Editor of *Burke's Peerage*, surveys with knowledge and authority the present status of the peerage, making a plea for the creation only of life peerages.

By this means it would be possible for the Crown and the nation to honour a man (or woman) of outstanding ability without the farce of creating a noble family with hereditary rights. Of the usefulness of the House of Lords the author is in no doubt. Democracy, he says, requires a curb, or at least time to think again, and that is one of the things an Upper House or Senate can provide. Mr. Pine's book ranges over many aspects of the peerage, and there is a short but engrossing chapter on the sale of honours (£10,000 for a knighthood and £12,000 or more for a baronetcy), a deplorable traffic that seems to have reached its high tide in the '20's. Altogether this is a most interesting book and all the better for the author's pleasant narrative style.

At a moment when Stalin's fame has been levelled to the ground by the hammer blows and sickle cuts of his one-time collaborators and present-day successors, it is significant that we should be presented with a study of one of the outstanding Soviet politicians of the Stalin regime. Bernard Bromage's MOLOTOV (Peter Owen. 21s.) is on the whole a friendly, perhaps over-friendly, appraisal of a considerable figure. We are shown a man of wide culture, of vast reserve, with a deep and exemplary reverence "for the best that is known and thought in the world." Even if one feels that Mr. Bromage is too eulogistic, there is no gainsaying the fact that Molotov is a man of prodigious labours. He will always be remembered as the inspirer of policies which led to the consolidation of Soviet power in the world.

In MEN OF PIERRE SAINT-MARTIN (Werner Laurie. 18s.) Jacques Attout, the young Belgian priest who acted as padre to the cave explorers, tells the story of the exploration of one of the deepest caverns in the world The entrance to the Pierre St. Martin cave lies close to the Franco-Spanish frontier and about three miles from the village of Sainte Engrace. The area is desolate with peaks of 5,000 to 8,000 ft., and is normally inhabited only by shepherds who drive their flocks up there during the summer months. Into this arid world the expedition carried its equipment by mule team, and the author tells us simply, factually but dramatically of all the fatigues, the discouragements and the rewards of a most thrilling and hazardous piece of speleological investigation.

Two travel books that command special attention this week are Colin Simpson's ISLANDS OF MEN (Angus and Robertson. 21s.) and BLUE MOON IN PORTUGAL (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.), by William and Elizabeth Younger. Mr. Simpson's book is a magnificently illustrated survey of life in Melanesia. He ranges from the Torres Strait to the islands of Fiji, the New Hebrides and New Guinea. Here is a trained observer who is also a writer of talent, and the result is a most important ethnological study. Coming much nearer home, although in many respects the terrain is still remote, William and Elizabeth Younger present a most delightful picture of Portugal, a land of strange beauty which is still one of the last strongholds of the life that was in Europe before the machine age. This is one of the most comprehensive books ever written about Portugal and is admirably illustrated.

At one time the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in common with all great works of reference, suffered from the fact that its possession was a deteriorating asset. As each year passed it grew more out of date, until finally the need came for a new edition. Now the gap is bridged most effectively with the BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR. The volume for 1956, recalling the events of 1955, covers a great deal of new ground regarding the technique of automation and guided missile and atomic energy development. There is also a valuable review of the General Election. The price is from 4 guineas, according to binding.

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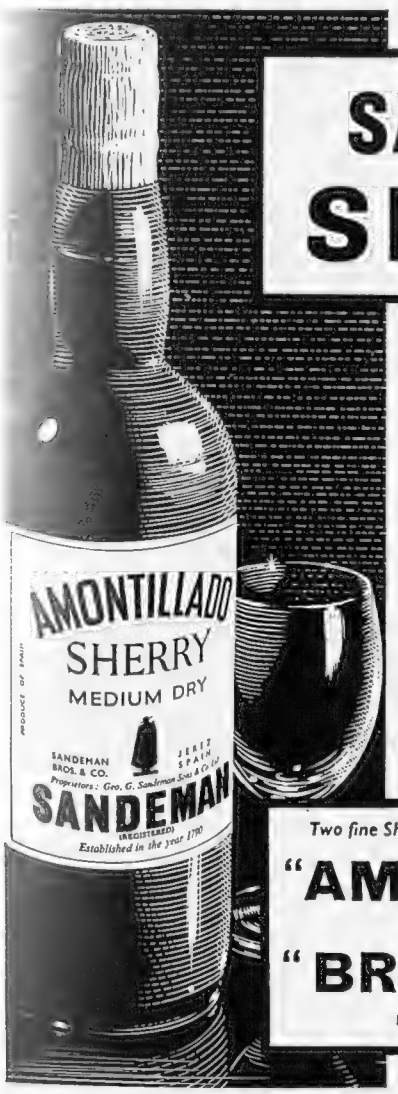

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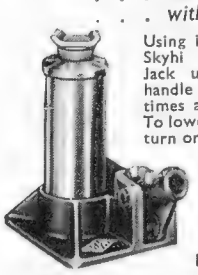

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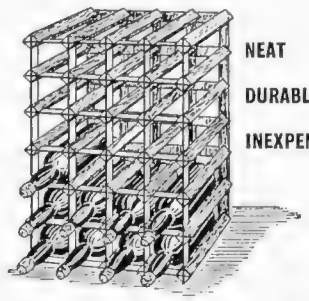

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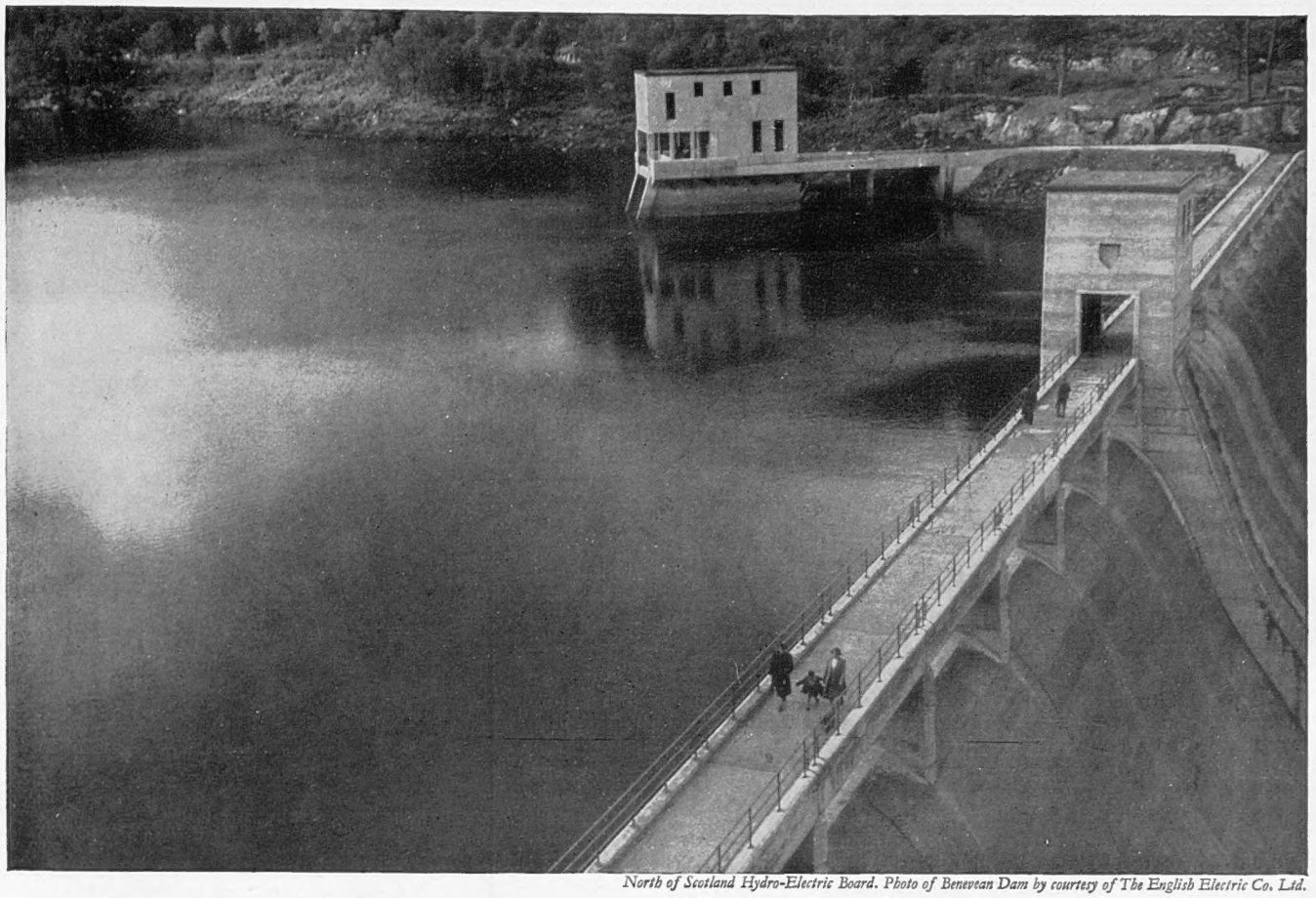

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

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DEVON AND CORNWALL are happy hunting-grounds for the holiday-maker, afford a pleasant climate for those seeking a home for retirement and offer plenty of scope for sport lovers.

In penning these thoughts on the south-western corner of England, I am looking both fore and aft of the summer school holiday period when hotel accommodation will be easier and tariffs lower, but reservations should not be left to chance. Of recent years the holiday season, swollen by overseas visitors, has started in May and gone on well into October; though a number of hotels close from October to Easter, there are still plenty of good ones if you know where to look and book now.

These early and late holiday months are good periods for a motoring holiday; but rather than moving on nightly (such a tiring procedure, constantly packing and unpacking) I suggest a series of centres from which to potter. Hotels listed in italics are those which, to the best of my belief, are closed from October until Easter.

Let us first take North Devon. The Marine Hotel at Instow is one hotel that merits consideration. Overlooking the sparkling waters of the Torridge, you may well be torn with the attractions of the district around and the local attractions of your temporary marine home. Under the same direction is its big brother, *Saunton Sands Hotel*, a paradise for golfers and for those who seek sands and surf-bathing. Further along the coast are the firm, clean sands of Woolacombe and Mortehoe. Although *The Beach Hotel*, Woolacombe, specialises in catering for children in the high season, it is an hotel well patronised in the quieter months by their elders.

If you have a fancy for Ilfracombe, Lynton or Lynmouth, the following can be recommended: *The Mount*, Ilfracombe; *Sandy Cove Hotel*, Berry-narbor, near Ilfracombe; *The Tors*, Lynmouth, but all three close down after the summer season. For an alternative (around Lynton and Lynmouth is particularly lovely in autumn) note two small hotels, The Southernhay, Lynton, and The Lynbridge, about a mile out off the road to Barnstaple.

Now let us consider South Devon. There is that pleasant terrain which lies east of Exeter, between the Rivers Exe and Axe. On the coastline you cannot go wrong by choosing Sidmouth, where there are not only two first-class hotels, The Belmont and Victoria, but a number of smaller hotels whose names I shall be pleased to supply, as well as others in Budleigh Salterton and Exmouth. From a motoring angle, Deer Park Hotel, near Honiton, would be the ideal headquarters, for not only can one visit most of the South Devon coastline as far as the Dart from there and make excursions to Dartmoor and Exmoor, but it is such a comfortable hotel and run in such a friendly and efficient manner.

Some, of course, will be attracted to Torquay, where good hotels are numerous. Neither The Imperial nor The Grand ever closes its doors, and if you are in a position to pay for the best you need not look further.

A sector of South Devon which I always find particularly pleasant out of season is the Salcombe–Thurlestone area, of which the market town and railhead is Kingsbridge. For anyone seeking a country house headquarters in this area, Buckland-tout-Saints, about three miles from Kingsbridge, is well worth investigation and sampling. A lovely house in a perfect early summer and autumn setting, it is run by Mr. and Mrs. Prime, who make food and wine their magnet of attraction. The same remarks apply to Gara Rock Hotel, which, though its postal address is Salcombe, is situated on a headland overlooking the sea near East Portlemouth; quite a find for those who like tucked-away places. For others who like water as their bedroom vista, the South Sands at Salcombe are scenically perfect; make inquiries of *St. Elmo Hotel* and *Tides Reach Hotel*. One of the major attractions of Thurlestone is golf, and The Links and The Thurlestone Hotels are the ones to choose from. Both under the same ownership, the latter is the larger of the two and is almost a self-contained holiday resort in that it has squash courts, badminton, hard tennis courts, a ballroom and riding stables locally.

Finally, consider the Dartmoor region for a holiday. A favourite among writers and all who seek restfulness in an old world background is Easton Court Hotel, close to Chagford.

If I have left not much of my space to Cornwall, it is because this article will be of interest mainly to those who are planning for the autumn, and so many Cornish hotels close after the summer season. Prior to the school holiday period, note the following, although I make no promise that accommodation is not booked up already. At St. Ives the small, friendly *Garrack Hotel* and the larger, well-run *St. Ives Bay Hotel*; that luxury hotel on the Roseland Peninsula, *Tresanton*; and, on the outskirts of Newquay, entirely isolated from the holiday swirl, *Glendorgal*, where Nigel and Lady Marguerite Tangye combine luxury and informality.

For those who plan to tour Cornwall in the autumn, I would urge them not to overlook the Falmouth area. In Falmouth itself that first-class hotel, The Falmouth, is never closed, and I question whether its indefatigable and experienced managing director, Mr. R. J. S. Fields, ever closes his eyes. Make note, too, of the Budock Vean Hotel at Mawnan Smith, on the banks of the Helford River. At Newquay, Hotel Bristol's standards never vary, whether it is January or June. At St. Mawes you will be on a safe anchorage if you stay at The Rising Sun, and in Bude, Efford Down Hotel would be a wise choice, though if you prefer the environment of an old-world inn try The Tree at Stratton, a mile outside the town.

Finally, if you seek somewhere to live economically in winter, I suggest The Wide Sea Hotel, Downderry, close to the borders of Devon. Write to Miss Elliot, who runs this warm, comfortable hotel most efficiently.

DEVON, Chagford. EASTON COURT HOTEL
Small fifteenth-century house, Anglo-American Directors. Good food. Central heating and log fires. Writers, riders, golfers and fishermen find success here. Tel.: Chagford 3169.

HONITON, S. DEVON. DEER PARK HOTEL
Offers entertainment for all ages over fourteen. Trout fishing, Squash, Tennis, Putting, Billiards. Excellent food, vintage cellar, Jersey herd, home farm produce. Terms 12–15 gns. inclusive, except fishing, 5s. daily extra. No dogs. Tel.: 64.

NR. KINGSBRIDGE, S. Devon. BUCKLAND-TOUT-SAINTS HOTEL
affords to *bon viveurs* and the unsophisticated a perfect setting for country-cum-seaside holidays. Write for details—J. C. Prime. Tel.: Kingsbridge 2586.

CORNISH COAST, Nr. Newquay. GLENDORGAL
Nigel Tangye offers Continental holiday by Cornish sea. Comfort, informality, magnificent food. Right on own lovely beach. Golden sands, rock pools, sunbathing, surf-bathing. Children welcomed. Licensed. From 10–21 gns. according to room and season.

NR. SALCOMBE, S. Devon. GARA ROCK HOTEL
A sun-trap at the most southerly tip of Devon; a 35-bedroomed family hotel facing the sea, offering personal service, excellent catering and a particular welcome to children. Fully booked July–August. Tel.: Salcombe 342.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. ST. ELMO HOTEL
A sheltered, sunny hotel where your holiday may be as strenuous or as lazy as you please. Facing due South and overlooking a sandy beach. Lovely garden, tennis court, games room, safe bathing, sailing, fishing. Tel.: 233.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. TIDES REACH HOTEL
A lovely address for a seaside holiday! On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Modern comforts; farm produce; good food and wine. Open Easter to mid-October. Terms 36s. to 49s. daily. Tel.: 288.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. THE GARRACK HOTEL
appeals to all appreciative of comfort, good food and cheerful atmosphere. Standing in own grounds overlooking the Bay—in the country, by the sea, yet only 10 mins. from the town. Reasonable terms. Licensed. Tel.: 199.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL. ST. IVES BAY HOTEL
unrivalled position overlooking sea and sands. 52 bedrooms (some private bathrooms). Excellent cuisine. Dancing twice weekly. Tennis courts. Service garage. Licensed. Open end April to October. Write for brochure, or Tel.: 106.

ST. MAWES, CORNWALL. HOTEL TRESANTON
Lovely country house in sheltered bay, with terraced gardens to water's edge. Beautifully furnished, every modern convenience. First-class cuisine. Club Bar. Sailing, Fishing. Terms from 47s. 6d. per day. Trains met Truro. Tel.: 322.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. BELMONT HOTEL
Best in its own class! Occupies excellent position extending to sea-front. Refined and unostentatious. Telephones in all bedrooms. No music or dancing, but fully licensed. Famous for catering and comfort—always abreast of the times. Tel.: 1555.

SIDMOUTH. VICTORIA HOTEL
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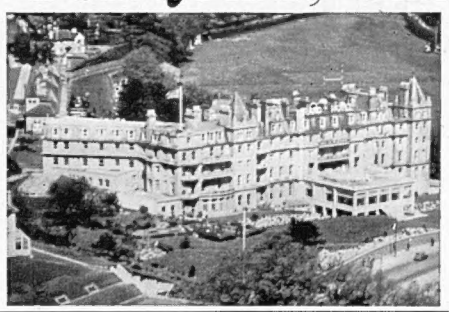

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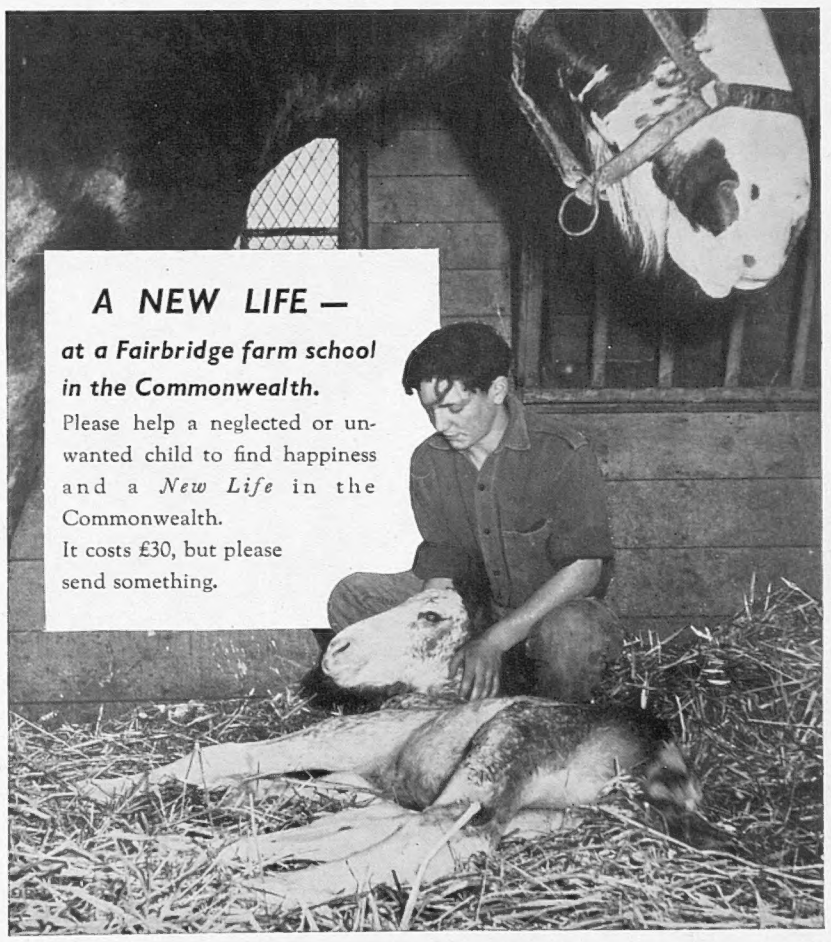

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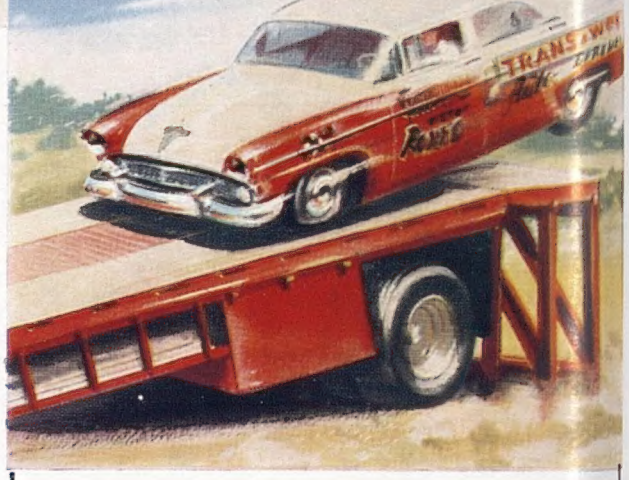

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